



Mrs Crouch

SECOND EDITION WITH GREAT ADDITIONS
FOR 1787.

Parsley's Lyric Companion.

A Collection of the newest and most Favorite

S O N G S,

THAT HAVE BEEN SUNG;

At the different Places of Entertainment,
DURING THE PRESENT SEASON;

INTERSPERSED WITH

MASONIC and other SONGS written on Purpose for
this Work, and adapted to familiar Tunes :

TO WHICH IS ADDED

A Collection of Toasts and Sentiments;
The whole comprising

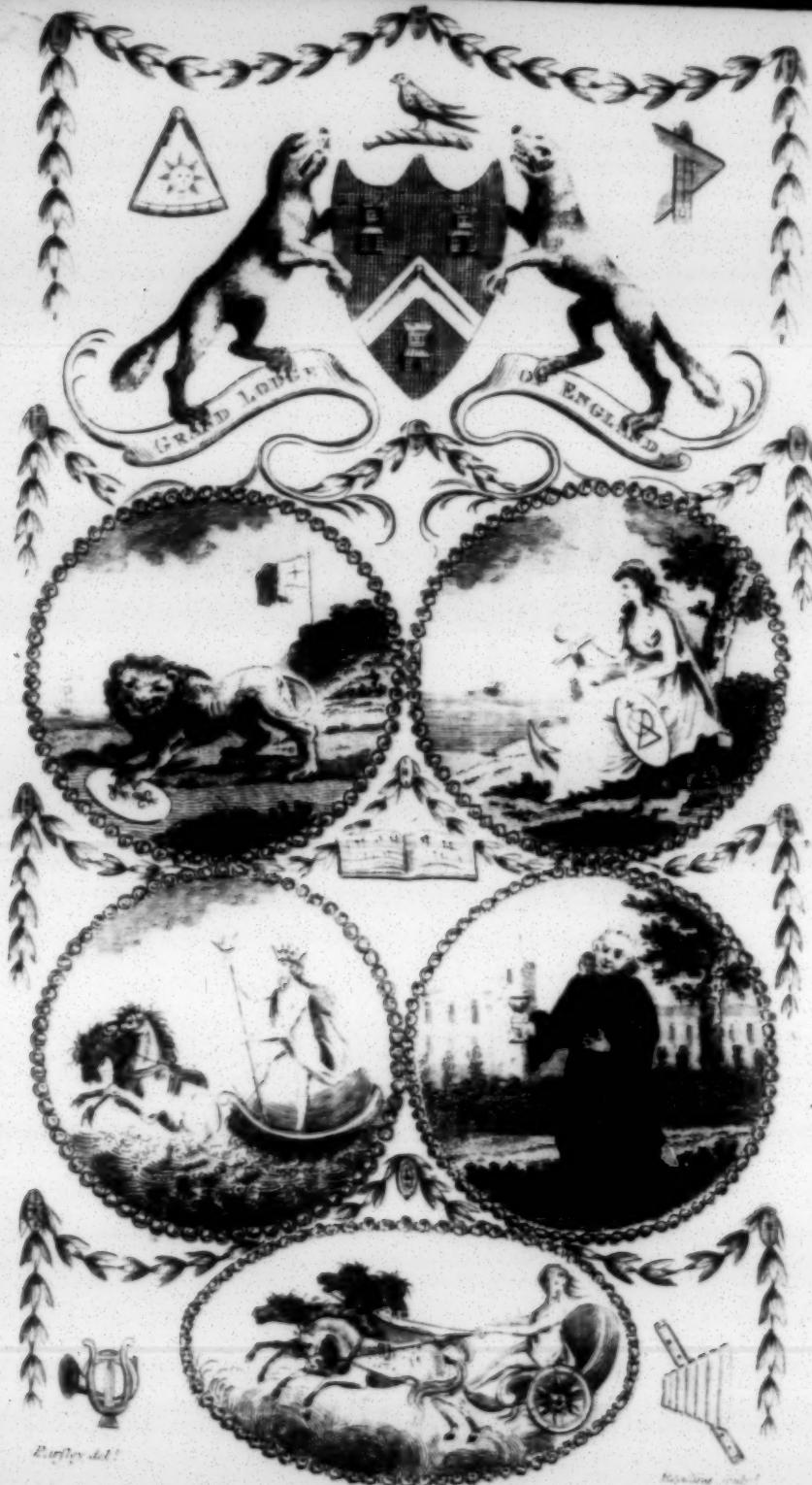
An agreeable Assistant to the Recollection of the Musical
Mind, and an able Companion to the convivial Hour.

L C N D O N:

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[ENTERED AT STATIONERS HALL.]



P. Miller del.

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TO
THE ANTIENT AND HONOURABLE
SOCIETY
OF
FREE AND ACCEPTED MASONS,

AND
THE HONOURABLE SOCIETIES
OF

ANTI-BOURBONS,
BOROUGH UNIONS,
NEPTUNES,
INDEPENDENT FRIERYS,

AND
PHÆTONS
THIS BOOK •

IS, WITH THE GREATEST RESPECT
AND ESTEEM, AND THE SINCEREST WISHES
FOR THEIR PROSPERITY, HUMBLY
DEDICATED,
BY THEIR OBEDIENT SERVANT,

R. PARSLEY.



ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC.

In appealing to a Public, from whom I have the most flattering prospects of encouragement, it is immaterial in what character I appear, as an Author, Editor, Compiler, or Bookseller; for though I may with equal propriety claim either, yet I would modestly wish to take that which is most becoming. As a Bookseller, I am rather in the secret, and have a feeling antipathy to the name of Author, in which, as there is something that carries with it a sound of sad respectability, I chuse therefore to decline that honor. Editor is a pretty smooth ~~title~~ appellation, and presents to you the judicious rectifier and ostensible defender of the works of the author. The Compiler is ill naturally said to be little more than the pilferer of good things, and is very often found trimming up old subjects with temporary allusions, and ravaging over works that have outlived their authors.

As a Bookseller, I claim the privilege of a profitable application of my commodities, and am determined no man's works should be martyred by the unfeeling hands of a cheese-monger, that I can dignify by a new Type, to preferre it but a sprig of the bayes. Having therefore determined to claim no other title than that of a Bookseller, I submit the efforts I have made for their amusement to the inspection of a candid public.

As a diligent caterer, for the appetites of various guests, strives to suit his fare to the general taste, so have I in

I in my endeavours been assidous to enliven the mind by my cheerful banquet.

For the Ladies, I have carefully selected such Songs as accord with their softer sensations, that while they amuse by perusal, are, I hope, free from that offence, which is so generally complained of in works of this nature.

The Bacchanalian will, I trust, find an enlivening morsel for his Rosy God,—The Lover be supplied with a tuneful lay to suit his Mistress,—The Jolly Tar is not forgot,—Neither is the Soldier passed without notice,—The Libertine and Rake are seldom in a condition to sing, therefore little preparation has been made for them.

Thus have I supplied every degree of seasoning proper for such a treat, and beg my friends to partake plentifully, assuring them it will keep its flavour in any climate, and though time may wear it out of fashion, yet it will still encrease the gratitude of

The Public's obedient Servt,

R. PARSLEY.

Parfley's Fashionable LYRIC COMPANION.

The VIRTUES of MASONRY.

The Words by M. CONCANEN, junior.

TUNE, No longer let Whimsical Songsters Compare.

THO' the world who are strangers to our grand art,
Should scoff at the mystery's that we can impart,
Should condemn what they know not, nor feel the delight,
Attend to my lesson, I'll set you all right.

What's a Mason you cry ? At the secret you jeer,
And advance false opinions where each should revere,
Pretend to be wise, and to guess some great cause,
Why our meetings of friendship keep secret their laws.

If a Mason you'd make, then adhere to my plan,
And chuse from your friends a sincere honest man ;
Invoke then humanity's aid in the cause,
And the blessing, that mercy and charity draws.

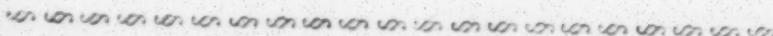
Let justice descend first his merits to weigh,
And remind him the dictates of truth to obey ;

With

With a heart sympathetick should nature invest
Him. We'll chearfull attend with the secreit to trust.

Let such be the man, and the Mafon's compleat ;
No true Mafon poſſeffes the tongue of deceit ;
For learn my good friend, there are many that try,
But in ſome ere ſcarce planted the ſecreit will die.

"Tis virtue muſt cherith and bleſſ it with fruit,
And if honour forfake you, how vain the purſuit ;
For tho' both ſhould appear to be banilh'd the land,
They ſtill ſhould be found at a Malon's command.



An ANTI-BOURBON Ballad, by Mr. GOODWIN.

TUNE, *Second Thoughts are best.*

I'VE watch'd my herd beside the brook,
I've rambled o'er the plains,
I've ſat in yon fequeſter'd nook,
I've danc'd with nymphs and swains ;
With Daphne many a bliſful hour
I've ſat beneath ſome tree,
Or gayly laugh'd in Cynthias bow'r.
Now what do you think of me ?

'Mongſt wits and fops have I been ſeen,
I've loiter'd in the Mall,
At galas, and at routs I've been,
And toy'd with many a Belle :
For tythe I've hear'd a parſon preach,
A lawyer plead for fee,
I've heard a knave, a knave impeach.
Now what do you think of me ?

I've

I've heard old soldiers boast of scars,
 Recount their battles o'er,
 Again revive the hostile jars,
 Which long since were no more.
 Then round the bowl for combat ripe,
 Each vet'ran, bold and free,
 Wou'd load, present, and fire—a pipe.
 Now what d'ye think of me?

I've heard loud opposition's tongue
 Condemn the men in place,
 A proof that Ins are always wrong,
 The Outs ne'er know disgrace :
 But Ins and Outs I disavow,
 From faction here we're free,
 For I'm an *Anti-Bourbon* now.
 Pray what d'ye think of me?

The GALLANT SOLDIER.

TUNE, *Wandering Sailor.*

THE gallant soldier born to arms,
 All willing from his home he goes,
 For honour leaves all other charms,
 To meet in field surrounding foes ;

C H O R U S.

In hopes when war no more shall reign,
To hail his native land again,
 Where'er he goes, the deadly fight,
 'Midst din of arms and cannons roar ;
 His martial ardour gives delight,
 'Till enemies for peace implore.

In hopes, &c.

With pride he views his hard campaigns,
 When toils and dangers are no more ;
 Of scars and wounds he ne'er complains,
 When 'gain he meets his native shore.

In hopes, &c.

con con

The B A C H A N A L I A N.

SINCE of life we hold a span,
 What can nature give to man
 Better than a flowing bowl ?
 Sparkling with the luscious spoil,
 Of the vintage ripen'd toil ;
 Sight reviving to the soul.

Love's a light phantastic God,
 Full of vain chimera's odd,
 Bacchus I thy shrine, adore !
 Golden riches let me scape,
 For the ripen'd purple grape,
 Give me that I ask no more.

Fill my glass up to the brim,
 In it every pleasure swim,
 Let me gulp it, gulp it down ;
 Then I'll be a match for care,
 Take what shape he will or dare,
 Beauty, honour, or a crown.

Betwixt me and the dreary grave,
 Not one single frown I'll have,
 Daddy Time as thou shalt see ;

But

But when call'd by gentle fate,
Be it soon or be it late
Laughing I'll reel home with thee.

.....

AMERICAN BALLAD.

Sung in the ENCHANTED CASTLE.

BOSTON is a yankee town, so is Philadelphia,
You shall have a sugar dram, and I'll have one
myselfy.

*Yankee doodle, doodle doo, Yankee doodle dandy,
High doodle, doodle doo, yankee doodle dandy.*

Our Jemima's lost her mare, and knows not where to
find her,
She'll soon come trotting by, I'll swear, and bring her
tail behind her.

Yankee doodle, &c.

Jenny Locket lost her pocket, Sukey Sweetlips fountl it,
Devil a thing was in the pocket, but the border round it,

Yankee doodle, &c.

First I bought a porridge-pot, and then I bought a ladle,
Then my wife was brought to bed, and now I rock the
cradle.

Yankee doodle, &c.

.....

Sung by Mrs. Crouch, in the GREY BEARDS.

SWEET rosy sleep ! Oh do not fly,
Bind thy soft fillet on his eye,

That o'er each grave my own may rove,
And feast my hapless, joylets love !

For when he lifts these shading lids,
His chilling flame such bliss forbids—
Then rosy sleep, Oh, do not fly,
But bind thy fillet on his eye !

.....

The F A I T H F U L T A R.

*A favourite new Ballad, Sung by Mr. ARROWSMITH,
at the Pantheon.*

THE sails unfurl'd, the ship unmoor'd
Her course to steer—all hands on board,
Propitious every gale ;
Fair Betsey on the beach deplores
Her tailor bound to distant shores,
But nought her tears avail.

“ Oh cruel fate !—Ye pow'rs above,
“ Why thus bereft of him I love
“ Who on the restless deep—
“ The boist'rous tide must ceaseless brave,
“ And meet, perchance, a wat'ry grave,
“ Whilst I but live to weep.”

Twelve months elaps'd, when he return'd,
Her constant heart with rapture burn'd,
’Twas freed from ev'ry care ;
For Henry's love, his heart, his foul
Were true, as needle to the Pole,
When absent from his fair.

In wedded blifs, they taste delight,
No winds disturb, nor storms affright

The lovely Betsey's breast.
For now he makes a firm decree
No more to trust the raging sea,—
With her completely bleſt.



A MADRIGAL by Mr. GOODWIN.

TUNE, *For me my Fair, &c.*

WHEN Cupid first appears to view,
He wears the form of Paphia's dove,
His looks are meek and his words are true,
And ev'ry thought proclaim's "tis love.

But soon the traytor aims to grow
Familiar, by familiar wiles
Yet still the modest blush can flew,
And ev'n his frowns are gentle smiles.

But when the triumph's quite compleat,
A different shape the tyrant wears,
Great reaſon owns the conſcious cheat,
And vulture like, the heart he tears.

Then join ye pow'rful ſisters three,
And blot the name of love away,
Let friendſhip be the deity,
For friendſhip never can betray.

DANS

DANS VOTRE LIT.

Sung by Mr. JOHNSTONE.

DANS VOTRE LIT, that bright parterre ;
 Should Flora bloom a lilly fair,
 A finiling jonquil I should be
 To blow (sweet flower) beside of thee.

Dans votre Lit, &c.

Or nodding in the thorny bush,
 You droop to hide the roses blush ;
 The leafy umbrage make of me,
 And in this breast you'll sheltered be.

Dans votre Lit, &c.

When every flower that pants the ground,
 Throws similes and odours all around ;
 Sweet flower I'll prove, thy faithful bee,
 And honey sip from none but thee.

Dans votre Lit, &c.

.....

MA CHERE AMIE.

Sung by Mr. INCLEDON.

MA CHERE AMIE, my charming fair,
 Whose similes can banish every care,
 In kind compassion smile on me,
 Whose only care is love of thee.

Ma chere Amie, &c.

Under sweet friendship's sacred name,
 My bosom caught the tender flame ;
 May friendship in thy bosom be,
 Converted into love for me.

*Ma chere Amie, &c.**Together*

Together rear'd, together grown,
Oh ! let us now unite in one ;
Let pity soften thy decree,
I droop dear maid, I die for thee.

Machining Tools, Etc.

A Favourite MASONIC SONG.

TUNE, Rule, Britannia.

WHEN earth's foundation first was laid,
By the almighty Artist's hand,
'Twas then our perfect, our perfect laws were made,
Establish'd by his strict command:

C H O R U S.

*Hail, mysterious ; hail, glorious masonry !
That makes us ever great and free.*

In vain, mankind for shelter sought,
In vain, from place to place did roam,
Until from Heaven; from Heaven he was taught
To plan, to build, and fix his home :

Hail, mysterious, &c.

Illustrious hence, we date our art,
Our works in beauteous piles appear ;
Which shall to endless, to endless time impart,
How worthy and how great we are :

Hail, mysterious, &c.

Not we less fam'd for every tie,
By which the human thought is bound ;
Love, truth, and friendship, and friendship socially,
Join all our hearts and hands around :

Hail, mysterious, &c.
Our

Our actions still by virtue blest,
And to our precepts ever true ;
The world admiring, admiring shall request
To learn, and our bright paths purue :

Hail, mysterious, &c,

ANTI-BOURBON ODE, by Mr. GOODWIN.

Slow Time movement.

BE GIRT alike with rocks and foes
Britannia's tow'rs now stand,
Proud Bourbons pow'r her sons oppose,
To save their darling land :
If Britain falls fair freedom dies,
Hark ! fancy tolls the knell,
While mimic echo's woefraught sighs,
Repeat the passing knell.

Quick Time movement.

But while Fame excites to glory,
Dastard fear shall ne'er appall,
Britain once renown'd in story
Shall not from her zenith fall :—
Bonus genius shall direct her,
Commerce all her coffers fill,
Anti-Bourbon zeal protect her,
Britain shall be Britain still.

Fate must smile, and Wisdom wonder,
When the glorious flag's unfurl'd,
While Britania's naval thunder,
Shake at once the waring world :

The

Tho' combining foes surround her,
 All her treasured stores to strip,
 Vain their efforts to confound her,
 Britain shall be Britain still.

Whilst the hero toil enduring,
 Fraught with noble victory,
 Still this fav'rite boon securing,
 All his life is liberty :
 But when (dove like) peace descending,
 With a laurel wreath in wove,
 War's dread devastation ending,
 Then the all of life is love.

Favourite BALLAD of HAYDN,

Sung by Miss GEORGE, at FREEMASONS HALL.

YOUNG HAL called softly, "Rise, my dear !
 'Tis I your true love—can't you hear ?"

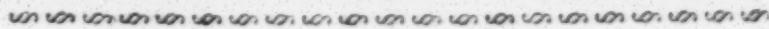
He tapp'd and tapp'd, impatient grown,
 Again he call'd and faid,
 " Why Nancy love won't you come down ?"
 " No, no !" repli'd the maid.

" The wind is bleak, the night is dark :
 " Disturbed the village watch dogs bark ;
 " Full five long miles for thee I've come,
 " O'er dreary moorlands stray'd ;
 " Rise from thy bed and make me room,"
 " No, no !" repli'd the maid.

Then doleful turn'd he from the door,
 And curs'd his fate and love f'riwo're ;
 but as ne turn'd, he peard the key,
 As tho' to creak afraid ;
 " You'll not prove false," sure whisper'd she.—
 " No, no, my charming maid."

Thrice kis'd the lover's, thrice the clock
 Beat on the bell, thrice crow'd the cock.
 Yet still right loath was Hal to go,

Tho' Nancy beg'd and pray'd ;
 Till laughing, neighbours cried " oh, ho !"
 " Is't so my pretty maid !



NEW, Fal de ral Tit, by Mr. GOODWIN.

MY father toil'd for many a year,
 To get some wealth for me his heir,
 And I took great and special care,
 To spend it ev'ry bit—
 I lost my friends when I grew poor,
 And as the world was half at war,
 I went to sea to fight for more,
 And then fung fal de ral tit.

I told my charming Sue that I
 Was going on board my fate to try,
 At which (poor girl) she heav'd a sigh,
 As if her heart wou'd split ;
 It sprung a leak in sorrows bay,
 I took a kis and went away,
 And both her eye-pumps fell to play,
 And then fung fal de ral tit.

While

On our first cruise the foe we spied,
For glory long she bravely tried,
But lost her mast at one broadside,

I think I see her yet ;
The red-hot balls did hissing fly,
While smoke and bullets dim'd the sky,
I broke a leg and lost an eye,
And then sing fal de ral tit.

But now the rage of war is o'er,
And I of gold have got good store,
If I e'er meet my Sultan more,

Her wake I'll never quit ;
And still I say, as oft I've said,
At church we'll instantly be wed,
My Sue and I will go to bed,
And then sing fal de ral tit.

M O N C O E U R A D I E U.

Sung in the GIRL in STILE, by Mr. JOHNSTONE.

TUNE, *Ma chere Amie.*

MON COEUR, adieu, young Lubin cries,
And towards the distant camp he flies ;
Yet turns fair Annette's haunts to view,
And sighs, yon favourite hills—how blest.

Mon Coeur, adieu.

The Beacon's brow fair Annette won
Her Lubin's arms reflects the sun ;
The sun to soon his ray withdrew,
She sigh'd—nights steals my lover true.

Mon Coeur, adieu.

HUNTING SONGS.

Sung by Mrs. WRIGHTEN, at Vauxhall.

HARK, hark! to the found of the sweet winding horn,
It invites to the chace and awakens the morn ;
Hark, &c.

Diana leads forward o'er mountains and plains,
While echo enraptur'd repeats the blest strain.

Diana, &c.

While Bacchus deprives us of reason and wealth,
The sports of the field give pleasure and health ;
Such innocent pastimes ensure us all joys,
Where no business disturbs, no malice destroy's.

Dana, &c.

Favourite A I R, *sung by Miss WILKINSON.*

In the ENCHANTED CASTLE.

ARAREE shew!—A raree shew! here is to be seen,
A girl who would a husband have, altho' she's but
sixteen.

O, say, is that so rare a shew?

I say, No !

A miracle!—A miracle! a lover in the lurch,
Who from a Miss, wou'd force a kiss, before they went
to church.

O, try, was that so much amiss?

154, Yes

A FARE

A raree flew !—A raree flew ! myself can best explain,
A female, who, once deceived, still ventures once again.

O, say, is that so rare a flew ?

I say, No !

A C A T C H.

By Mr. Brown, Mr. Hemster, and Miss Wellington.

WE be three poor mariners,
Just tumbled thro' the sea,
With little of the tar in us,
We're quite tea-sick, all three :
Our heads do now turn roundy, roundy, roundy,
Our heads now turn round ;
And you who are a bully-boy, pray save us
On this groundy, groundy, ground.

D E A R M A R Y, by Mr. Inclerion.

FAREWELL to old England, thy white cliffs adieu,
Can the gale be unmerciful that bears me from you ;
Tho' oceans divide me as wide as the pole ;
No distance can change the true love of my soul :
As well might my messmate determined to bale,
All the water that fill up old Neptune's great pail ;
As divert my firm mind from its fond thought of you,
Farewell to old England ; dear Mary adieu.

Dear Mary adieu ; can that love go to wreck,
Where ev'ry plink bears your sweet name on the deck ?
Nay many love-knots on the top I have made,
While guileless my shipmates at chequers have play'd :
Their

Their sports are no pastime, but sorrow to me,
My mind is more happy in fighting to thee.
More happy by far when I am thinking of you ;
For the hope of return takes the sting from adieu.

Yes ! the hope of return's all the joy of a tar,
'Tis his compass, his helm, his guide, and his star,
'Tis imprest on his bosom the moment he fails,
It shortens long nights, and quicken's light gales :
The dull midnight watch it fends limping away,
And dawn a new hope on his mind with the day ;
With raptures it makes his affections to burn,
And changes adieu ! into—welcome return.



A Favourite MASONIC SONG.

TUNE, *Mulberry Tree.*

YE sons of fair Science, impatient to learn,
What's meant by a Mason you here may discern ;
He strengthens the weak, he gives light to the blind,
And the naked he cloaths—is a friend to mankind.

All shall yield to Masonry,
Bend to thee,
Bless'd Masonry ;
Matchless was he who founded thee,
And thou, like him, immortal shall be.

He walks on the level of honour and truth,
And spurns the wild passions of folly and youth ;
The compass and square all his his frailties reprove,
And his ultimate object is brotherly love.

The

The temple of Knowledge he nobly doth raise,
Supported by Wisdom, and Learning his base ;
When rear'd and adorn'd, strength and beauty unite,
And he views the fair structure with conscious delight.

With Fortitude blest'd, he's a stranger to fears,
And govern'd by Prudence, he courtiously steers ;
Till Temperance shews him the port of Content,
And Justice unmask'd, gives the sign of content.

Inspir'd by his feelings, he bounty imparts,
For Charity ranges at large in our hearts ;
And an indigent brother reliev'd from his woes,
Feels a pleasure inferior to him who bestows.

Thus a Mason I've drawn, and expos'd to your view,
And truth must acknowledge the figure is true ;
Then members become, let's be brothers and friends,
There's a Secret remaining, will make you amends.

.....

The L A S S of the D E E.

Sung by Mrs. MARTYR.

NOW all the groves, in verdure gay,
Are deck'd to hail the spring :
O'er fleecy care securely play,
The birds melodious sing.
Ye blooming nymphs and jocund swains,
Assemble round this tree,
And join with me in rustic strains,
To praise, the lass of Dee,

● *To praise, &c.*

While

While fragrant odours fill the air,
 We haite to yonder grove ;
 And there with rural sports prepare
 To hail her queen of love ;
 Then come ye nymphs, and jocund swains,
 Assemble round this tree,
 And join with me in rustic dance
 To praise the lais of Dee,

To praise, &c.

The while you tune the merry reeds,
 We'll lead the dance with glee ;
 Like graces on the queen of love,
 Our hearts from envy free ;
 In rustic, strains we'll ever prove,
 Assemble round this tree,
 That nymphs with joy, and swains with love
 All praise the lais of Dee,

All praise, &c.

A S O N G, by Mr. GOODWIN.

JOCOND summers on the verge,
 New-born leaves adorn each spray,
 Boreas chants cold winter's dirge,
 While zephyr ushers in the May :
 See profusely Flora spreads,
 Sweetest flow'rs of fairest die,
 As those flow'ret beauty fades,
 And youth will like the sea-foray.

Song

Sung by Mrs. Crouch, in the HEIRESS.

FOR tenderness framed in life's earliest day,
A parent's soft sorrows to mine led away ;
The lesson of pity was caught from her eye,
And e'er words were my own, I spoke in a sigh.

The nightingale plundered, the mate-widow'd dove,
The warbled complaint of the suffering grove,
To youth as it ripened gave sentiment new,
The object still changing, the sympathy true.

Soft embers of passion, yet rest in the glow !
A warmth of more pain may this breast never know !
Or if too indulgent the blessing I claim,
Let the spark drop from reason that wakens the flame.

卷之三

MY DADDY O. *Sung by Mrs. MARTYR.*

MY DADDY O was very good,
To make me fine he spared no money,
And scrap'd up filler all he cou'd.

He'd ge'it to make his Jane look bonny;
My cap it came from Aberdeen,

In filken gown I bra'ly flaunted,
Tho' all I ask'd was mine I wean,

Yet my ha, heigh, heigh, ho !

O ! did plainly shew,

There was some thing else poor Jenny wanted.

Blyth Jockey O, upon his mare,

Adoon the dell his horn rang sweetly,

Presented at my feet, the hare,

'That o're the wild thyme run to feathly ;

James brought a nosegay for my breast,
And myrtie slips himself had planted ;
Gay Sandy too a lavrocks nest.

Yet, &c.

Young Patie O, his dog so weel,
Can dance, they say, he's worth a guinea,
I laughing prais'd his twa-legg'd reel,
And Pate cri'd, he's thine sweet Jenny ;
And to our fare I gan'g awa,
Gued troth I thought myself enchanted,
But tho' they'd gi me all I iaw.

Yet, &c.

Sae saftly O, I yester night,
The moon so kind awhile kept blinking,
Stole out my aie true-love to meet,
Yet on falee love I feil to thinking,
The rustling leaves encrease my fears,
A foot-step falls, my bosom panted ;
Oh, jey ! my Willy now appears.

Yet, &c.

L O N G L I V E T H E K I N G .

Sung by Mr. INCLEDON.

REJOICE, Britannia's son's rejoice !
Sound the trumpet, strike the lyre,
To songs of triumph raise your voice,
With heart and hand let all conspire.

Long live the king, &c.

Long live the king—long live the king—
Long live the king, this isle to bleis,
May every year new blefings bring,
May every hour his joys encrease.

In

In vain assassins raise the hand
 Against the sacred royal breast,
 The genius guardian of our land,
 The pointed steel will still arrest.

Britannia, hear a people's voice !
 Protect great George, prolong his reign,
 So shall thy loyal son's rejoice,
 And treason aim her shaft in vain.

A B A L L A D, by Mr. GOODWIN.

TUNE, *A Hunting we will go, &c.*

WHEN Bacchus offers rosy wine,
 'Ere I refuse the boon,
 Bright phœbus beam shall cease to thine,
 On sunmers gaudy noon.

Then push the goblet round,
 Then push the goblet round,
 For sorrows rude,
 Will ne'er intrude,
 Where social joys abound.

If Cypria's queen to crown my joy,
 Bestows a nymph divine ;
 I'll then renounce each idle joy,
 And mingle love with wine.

So push the goblet round, &c.

While wine by day shall drown my cares
 In love the night I'll pass ;
 And when the rose at morn appears,
 I'll resume my glass.

So push the goblet round, &c.

FANCY, A NEW SONG.—*The words by M. C.*

NO longer let Venus o'er beauty preside,
 'Tis Fancy that reigns in her stead ;
 Ev'ry eye of its own can a beauty provide,
 'Tis by Fancy her votry's are led.

Shall the fair, on whom nature's bestow'd all her pow'rs,
 Be alone the delight of mankind ?
 What avail all those beauty's that fade as a flower,
 To a lover, who always is blind ?

Of what ever compleetion his mistress may be—
 Or tho' awkward and clumsy her air,
 Not a single defect can a lover e'er see,
 For Fancy has figured her fair.

Tho' her voice shou'd resemble a trumpet when crack't,
 And for harmony discord produce,
 A lover may fancy it music in fact,
 When once he of Fancy make's use.

Then let Venus no longer of beauty be queen,
 Nor call beauty a regular face—
 Nor to that add a delicate shape, air, or mien,
 For Fancy will alter the case.

Thus how happy the sex, since Fancy's their friend,
 And now wrinkles for dimples may pass ;
 The dominion of Venus is now at an end,
 Let Fancy provide you a lass.

.....

I will not have you, a NEW SONG.—*The words by M. C.*

I'VE been flattered and courted by twenty gay swains,
 And with caution avoided their art ;

To

To win me each strives to outvie with great pains,

And to find out the way to my heart,

The serious, the pert, and libertine rake,

Each has some new maxim in view ;

But when once it is asked, if a husband I'll take,

Then I answer, I will not have you.

The captain may huff and look big at a peace,

When secure may the patriot sleep ;

The clergy think miracles never will cease,

And old maids for an offer may weep.

But the girl who bestows both her hand and her heart,

And whose virtue and honour is true ;

Till she fees him she loves, shou'd declare without art,

Believe me I will not have you.

The coxcomb, the cit, or the amorous spark,

Each a partner to suit them may find ;

And believe me good Sir, I'll not live in the dark,

But will wed with the man to my mind :

His fortune my fancy can happily trace,

which, when realized once I can view ,

If he asks me the question but with a good grace,

My answer shall be, I'll have you.

.....

A Favourite A I R, by Mr. DIBDEN.

THIS, this, my lad, is a soldier's life—

He marches to the sprightly fife,

And in each town to some new wife

Swears he'll be ever true :

He's here; he's there, where is he not ?

Variety's his envied lot,

He eats, drinks, sleeps, and pays no shot,

And follows the loud tattoo.

Call'd out to face his country's foes,
The tears of fond domestic woes
He knif's off, and boldly goes
To earn of fame his due,
Religion, liberty, and laws,
Born his are and his country's cause ;
For thicke thro' dangers, without pause,
He follows the loud tattoo.

And if at last in honour's wars
He earns his share of danger's scars,
Still he feels bold, and thanks his stars
 He's no worse fate to rue.
At Chelsea, free from toil and pain,
He weilds his crutch—points out the t
And in fond fancy once again
 Follows the loud tattoo.

A NEW FAVOURITE SONG.

Sung by Miss ROMANZINI, in *Richard Cœur de Lion*.

THE merry dance I dearly love,
For then Collette thy hand I feize,
And preis it too whene'er I pleate,
And none can see, and none reprove :
Then on thy cheek quick blushes glow,
And then we whisper soft and low,
Oh ! how I grieve ! you ne'er her charms can know
She's sweet fifteen, I'm one year more,
Yet still we are too young, they say,
But we know better, sure, than they,
Youth should not listen to threescore ;

And

And I'm resolv'd I'll tell her so,
 When next we whisper soft and low,
 Oh ! how I grieve ! you ne'er her charms can know.

A N E W S O N G.

TUNE, *A Cobbler there was.*

YOU know Jack I was always fond of a fight,
 So to London set off by the coach over night ;
 I pack'd up my cloaths and determined to go,
 For I ne'er in my days yet had seen Lord Mayor's shew.

Derry, down, &c.

All the night as we rattled along in the mail,
 My noddle being prim'd with good Nottingham ale :
 I dreamt of the fight, crying, " Bravo, my lad !"
 Till the passengers thought I was certainly mad.

Derry, down, &c.

To London fine town I was brought in a crack,
 And in less than an hour I wish'd myself back ;
 For would you but believe it, as I am a sinner,
 The king had sent orders to stop my Lord's dinner.

Derry, down, &c.

To stop all their marching to Westminster Hall,
 And inviting the lawyers to come to the ball ;
 But in truth 'twas no harm for shaking their feet,
 Could do little good if they'd nothing to eat.

Derry, down, &c.

Amelia they told me, had taken her leave,
 And the people for form sake were ordered to grieve ;
 To shut up Guildhall, not a morsel to eat,
 So I lost a fine fight, and the city a treat.

Derry, down, &c.

But

But to town as I came with a view to be merry,
I determin'd to stay till her Highness they'd bury;
Don't you think it was wise such a journey to strole,
To see an old woman put in a dark hole.

Derry, down, &c.

SPRING a favourite Ballad, by Mr. GOODWIN.

HASTE, Oh haste ! sweet summers coming,
Budding trees will soon be blooming,
On each blossom birds will sing,
To usher in approaching spring ;
While each warbler sings elate,
E'ry one has got his mate ;
Pleasure crowns the fleeting day,
Haste, Oh haste ! be blest as they.

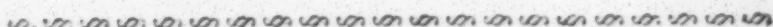
Valentine has past his season,
Nature smiles inspir'd by reason,
Joy unfurls her glaring zone,
And love resumes his regal throne ;
Angry boreas now subsides,
Zephyrs in his stead preside,
Fancy laughs, and Hope looks gay,
Haste, Oh haste ! be blest as they.

Flora decks the lofty mountain,
And the margin of each fountain
Whilst the stream in amorous play,
Purloins a kiss and steals away :
Bees in quest of honey rove,
Ev'ry flow'r they greet with love,
And thro' garish scenes they stray,
Haste, Oh haste ! be blest as they.

Strangers

Strangers to the dawn of sorrows,
 Ev'ry rustic hails the morrow,
 And o'er hillocks wet with dews,
 Drives sportive lambs and bleating ewes,
 Whilst the milk-maid's o'er the plain,
 Sweetly chaunt some past'r'al strain,
 Latching echo mocks the lay.
 Haste, Oh haste ! be blest as they.

Am'rous swains are fondly pressing,
 Blushing nymphs by fighs confessing,
 'Till each youth with sweet surprize,
 Can read his answer in her eyes :
 Each exchange a mutual kiss,
 Cupid points the path to blis,
 Hymen's taper lights the way,
 Haste, Oh haste ! be blest as they.



A New BACHANALIAN SONG.

TUNE, *I'm a bearly good Fellow.*

SAY ye gods what can equal a full flowing bowl
 That refreshes the heart and enlivens the foul,
 From a bumper that sparkles, and a toe to all strife,
 Contented I taste the enjoyments of life.

Let the learned of whom the historians speak,
 Implicitly construe; their latin and greek,
 With their Homers and Virgils, such fallies of wit,
 For a friend and a bottle I willingly quit.

Old orthodox tells us that life's but a span,
 Then where is the mortal that endures my plan ;

E

Neither

Neither Neptune, or Union, or Son of the Sun,
But praises my conduct at Bacchus's tun.

I care not for all the dull miscreants of state,
Here's a bumper to Sal, and another to Kate ;
With women, dear women, such moments I pass,
Recruited, reliev'd, by a full sparkling glas.

To friendship and mirth I my time consecrate,
Can a stoic do more, that the knee bows to fate ;
Not the friend of dull care can my maxims controul,
Surrounded by friends, and a full flowing bowl.

To figh, pine, and languish, is want of good fence,
T'will be the same thing boys, an hundred years hence
Here's a toast to old England, to cloſe my deſign,
Here's another to Bacchus the great God of wine.

The B R U N E T T E.

Sung by Mr. INCLETON.

MY hearts soft emotions admit no disguise,
To cheat the poor nymphs of the plain,
For the passions I feel is confess'd by my eyes,
And love shews the wound of the swain.

And love, &c.

Would you know all the magic that lives in her mein,
By which my fond heart she has won ;
Go take (like the grecians) each beauty that's seen,
And comprize all their graces in one ;
Then wonder like me at the pleasure fraught Bet,
And wear the soft chair of the lovely Brunette.

The

The wandering kidlings that sport on the hills,
Leave their brawling to list to her lay,
She charms the swift course of the murmuring rills,
And arrests the bright chariot of day ;
The winds stop enraptur'd to list to my Bet,
And gratefully fan the accomplish'd Brunette.

Had I all the wealth stern avarice sought,
When he ravaged the glittering mine ;
Had I all the treasures that crafus had bought,
The gems, my sweet girl, should be thine ;
But trifles like these are despised by my Bet,
For merit alone wins the lovely Brunette.

CONTRADICTION, A NEW SONG.

PHILLIS was tender, young and fair;
Possessing many virtues rare:
One gift she had which crown'd the rest,
With contradiction she was blest.
I have heard say that in a woman
This gift is not at all uncommon;
And thus they tarnish ladies' glories;
Lie upon men to tell such stories!

So if my song
Should lead me wrong.

I'm open to conviction :
But nothing in life
Is so sweet to a wit,
As a little contradiction.

Many a female I have known,
Both old and young, and fair, and brown;
When to the brown I say they're fair,
They contradict not, I declare.

When to old I say they're young,
 They still are mute, and hold their tongue.
 Then cease henceforth I pray to blame
 The lovely creatures—'Tis a shame!

I think my song
 May lead me wrong,
 But I'm open conviction :
 I'd grant a wife
 To sweeten life,
 A little *contradiction*.

Again to Phillis turns my story,
 Who was her spouses pride and glory ;
 As they at table sat one day,
 My little angel, he did say,
 This fish is hardly done enough ;
 Not done, cried Phillis, in a huff !
 There's no such thing as pleasing you,
 May 'tis done quite through and through.

Perhaps my song
 Has led me wrong,
 But I'm open to conviction :
 No man in life
 Should debar a wife,
 From a little *contradiction*.

He coax'd his Phillis to be quiet,
 But she was bent upon a riot :
 I give it up my dear, said he,
 And I maintain 'tis done, cried she :
 Away, for fear of further strife
 Sneak'd he, and left alone his wife,
 But the good man was hardly gone,
 When Phillis fell into a swoon.

Now if my song
 Has led me wrong,

I'm

I'm open to conviction :
 But nothing in life,
 Is so dear to a wife,
As a little *contradiction*.

A sudden shriek ! The neighbours fly !
And to restore her now they try.
The husband's call'd—That's no relief.
What can be done ?—He's all in grief !
Oh ! the damn'd half-done fish, he cries !
At this his Phillis op'd her eyes.
The fish was *quite* done—out she roar'd :
And thus poor Phillis was restor'd.

You find my song
Not very wrong,
No longer 'tis a fiction;
For here a wife
Is brought to life
By a little contradiction.

A Favourite MASONIC SONG.

TUNE, *Attic Fire.*

ARISE, and blow thy trumpet, Fame!
Free Masonry aloud proclaim,
To realms and worlds unknown:
Tell them of mighty David's son,
The wife, the matchless Solomon,
Priz'd far above his throne.

The solemn temple's cloud-capt towers,
Th' aspiring domes are works of ours,
By us those piles were rais'd :

Tien

Then bid mankind with songs advance,
And through th' ethereal vast expanse,

Let Masonry be prais'd.

We help the poor in time of need,
The naked cloath, the hungry feed,

'Tis our foundation stone ;

We build upon the noblest plan,
For friendship rivets man to man,

And makes us all as one.

Chorus three times.

Still louder, Fame ! thy trumpet blow ;

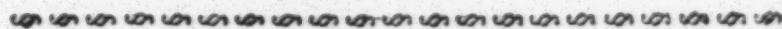
Let all the distant regions know

Free Masonry is this :

Almighty Wisdom gave it birth,

And Heaven has fix'd it here on earth,

A type of future bliss !



B A R T H O L O M E W F A I R.

Sung by Brother DELAHOY, at the Anti-Bourbon Lodge.

COME lovers of frolic so gay,
Come haste to Bartholomew Fair ;
We wish ev'ry moon brought the day,
That affords us such mirth and good cheer :
There's black-puddings that sweeten the air,
With sausages already done ;
And pancakes—come eat if you dare,
With pigs ready fry'd by the sun.

Besides innumerable other objects, such as heroes, kings, jack-puddings and rope-dancers ; here's punch with his *venerable* company of comedians, just arrived from the theatre in the Haymarket—show 'em in there.

Farewell

Fam'd Dunstall and Vaughan are here,

Walk in if you'd laugh and grow fat,
Shuter beats e'ry booth in the fair,

Here's Punch with his Whittington's cat :
With salt-box and fiddles so sweet,
And trumpeters trumpling so loud ;
And drummers with vehement beat,
To deafen the loitering croud.

Haha ! Haha ! Haha ! Haha ! — Step forward, step forward—the whole bill of the play—Vaughan and Warner, Yates and Shuter—Haha ! Haha ! — Haha ! Just agoing to show away, without losf of time or hindrance of businesf, the famous panther mare, gentlemen, the lion, the jackall, the lion's provider —Haha ! Haha ! Haha !

Here he comes, by your leave, have a care,
Behold Mr. Fribble compleat ;
How gently he steps from his chair,
No doll from a band-box so neat :
In papers his locks are confin'd,
He excels a precise City beau ;
He's tinsel'd before and behind,
Like wax-work design'd for a show.

Lard a mercy, what an intolerable croud is here ; what Shuter's booth the other side of the fair ; though I must confess I am passionately fond of his performance, yet the fatigue of getting a-crofs will certainly overcome me—O la ! don't push so—I wish some great sturdy fellow would take me up in his arms, and carry me a-crofs that extravagant wide kennel ; I'm afraid I shall step short, and dirt my white silk stockings—O la ! don't push so.

A foreigner

A foreigner's next on the list,
 Wlth a pigtail the length of this back :
 He has cambrick to cover his fist,
 But for shirt must have crib'd an old fack :
 With his rollops and rags meganzeel
 And his waistcoat's all cover'd with lace ;
 He's dance from his calf to his heels,
 But marquis you read in his face,

O be gar, vat is me see yondare : O dere be de black on
 vire, and de Jack vid the salt box—O vere is my
 countrymans dat danced the gentlemans out of so
 much monies ; me shou'd be very glad to see him dance
 upon the rope, you much glader to see him hang by it
 —O Diable ! dere be grand man vid de feather in
 his cap.—Mary, Mary, where are you now :—Come
 who's for hedge stake, chiscale, or biscuit ; melt in
 your mouth like a brik bat, run down your throat like
 a wheel-barrow, and wind round a pretty maid's waist
 like a lash of whip cord ; Mary, Mary, where are you
 now.—Tiddy dol. tiddy dol, li, tol, li, tol, &c.

A milliner's prentice appears,
 Attack't by an old city beau ;
 No danger from him Sukey fears,
 He that weds her will find cuckold's row :
 Lord, Sir, 'tis fatigueing to stay,
 I hate so much crowding and shoving ;
 The people—Lord what will they say,
 To see us together so loving.

Here's a clean cap and handkerchief put on to-day ; lord,
 Sir, they're so monstrously rumpled and tumbled, I
 care never go home again—Pshaw, w—— much in
 public ;

public ; if you chuse to drink a glass of wine in private
Sir, I'm your humble servant.

Old jealousy brings up the rear,
With a sparkling young wife by his side ;
The gallantist youth in the fair,
Might be proud of so lovely a bride :
Such semitry, sweetnes, and grace,
Give thousands delight and surprize ;
But Oh ! how their joy must increase,
When her wishes they read in her eyes :

What the devil did I come here for.—Make haste,
Mistress, cut off those six yards of ribbon—I could have
fold a whole piece in the time—See, hufsey, there's a
young fellow stares at you—Make haste, I say—Well
thank god, I have got to the hospital gate ; and if ever
I come here again, may I be made a *Bartlemy Cuckhold*,
for all the fools in the fair to laugh at me.

A NEW FRIARS SONG, by R. P.

TUNE, *Derry down, &c.*

THE Friars of old, either black, white, or grey,
To drinking were much more inclin'd than to pray ;
They laugh'd when the bottle or bowl was before 'em,
But seem'd pious abroad by the way of decorum.

Derry down, &c.

The sweet pretty Nuns with their red rosy gills,
They smack'd as they took off their afternoon jills ;
Their bellies were round of those sanctified sinners,
To prove they lov'd fasting much less than good dinners.

Derry down, &c.

Our Order of Friars like them may appear,
In regard to kind beauty, and joy-giving cheer ;
Yet without their hypocrisy, let us be found,
And in friendship unite, as the bumper goes round.

Derry down, &c.

Saint Bacchus our patron, our banquet supplies,
And Momus, he still makes good humour arise ;
Then the toast it goes round with beauty and love,
And ev'ry distinction of pleasure we prove.

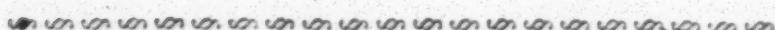
Derry down, &c.

No bare-footed bretheren here you will find,
The Friars who do so but hum bug the mind ;
All such impositions we chuse to decline,
To be hearty and honest is all our design.

Derry down, &c.

Our hearts are ne'er troubled with conciences qualms,
A heart that is honest defies such alarms ;
But each jolly Friar the time to prolong,
Will tell a good tale, or will sing you a song.

Derry down, &c.



A NEW HUNTING SONG, by W. J. Esq;

TUNE, Bright Phœbus, &c.

THE sound of the horn has been heard from afar,
And the sportsmen for mirth, and for health now
 prepare ;
With shouting around how the welkin resounds,
'Tis the hunters delight, 'tis the musical hounds ;

C H O R U S.

C H O R U S.

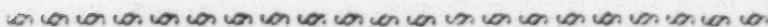
*Each fluggard's awakened such joys to pursue,
Hark ! Hark ! is the chorus, the game is in view.*

O'er meadows and fields, o'er mountains and rocks,
How eager they fly after start, hare, or fox ;
No danger they think of, 'tis joy and delight,
And the joys of the day give a zest to the night.

Each flugard, &c.

The chace being o'er, each free hearty soul,
The sports of the day now repeat o'er the bowl ;
Then jowler and bowler, are call'd forth again,
Their praises exalted in no little strain.

*The chorus at night is the bottles in view,
Then let us proceed, and the bumper perse.*



J E N N Y, A NEW PASTORAL BALLAD.

By Miss E. SMITH, of NORWICH.

TUNE, *How sweet's the Love that meets return.*

WHEN first young Jenny caught my sight,
My bosom beat with new delight,
And every wood and every grove,
Re-echoed with the voice of love;
No bonny lass that I can see,
So dear as Jenny is to me.

When e'er the lavrock's on the wing,
And in the morning's heard to sing,

I think her voice salutes my ear,
 So sweet, sonorous, and clear ;
 No bonny lass that I can see,
 So dear as Jenny is to me.

For flow'rs oft I have trac'd the vale,
 And twine the rose with lillies pale,
 The scented pink or vi'llet blue,
 With others of each varied hue ;
 Yet none so beautiful I see,
 Or sweet as Jenny is to me.

To me she's kindly gave her hand,
 My fears are gone, my joys expand ;
 At hymen's fane the now is mine,
 My raptures surely are divine ;
 On earth there's nothing I can see,
 So dear as Jenny is to me.

A NEW BACHANALIAN SONG.

The Words by R. RESTED.

TUNE, *Commodore Gale*.

WHAT's life but a journey, a journey on earth ?
 Well attested by authors, converiant with mirth ;
 The high road to pleasures, a bottle and bowl,
 If you taste of 'em soundly you'll meet no controul.

C H O R U S.

Sing taste 'em and try 'em you'll meet no controul.
 Sing taste 'em and try 'em you'll meet no controul,
 The high road to pleasure's a bottle and bowl.

I laugh at those cynics that wretchedly pine,
 And advise 'em to taste the effects of good wine ;

Their

Their notion so sordid wou'd vanish away,
And reason triumphant their efforts repay.

Sing taste 'em, &c.

There's the lawyer who's wisdom consits in his fee,
In his brief wou'd ye think it, talks boldly of me ;
When pleading a cause I can see him repine,
For want of a taste of the juice of the vine.

Sing taste 'em, &c.

There's the prest in the pulpit is horridly vext,
Because he can't utter good punch for his text ;
Tho' before he begins to enliven his mind,
A bumper he drinks for the good of mankind.

Sing taste it and try it, &c.

The high road to pleasure's a full flowing bowl.

There's the grave looking man, a physician I mean,
'Tis I can excel him in curing the spleen ;
With port and good claret I'll only prevail,
A prescription from Bacchus I'm sure cannot fail

Sing taste it, &c.

Ye sage looking wits, who can follies discern,
"Barongh Unions" attend, from a moralist learn ;
With friends and good liquor I always am free,
Even Solomon tippl'd, then why shou'd not we ?

Sing taste it, &c.

A PARODY on the BRUNETTE.

TO hide the warm wish of my heart I despise,
For a bumper I love it is plain,
By the jolly God ! Bacchus, I ne'er will disguise,
My sentiments due to champaigne :

When

When a few honest fellows together are met,
I'll toss a half-pint to my lovely Brunette.

What magic there is in a bottle to know,
 You must come and partake of a flask ;
It arises the spirits, and makes the face glow,
 Ye gods let me have a full cask :

When arm'd from the tavern I'm ne'er known to fret,
For boldly I steer to my charming Brunette.

As I wander from tavern, to tavern, along,

The ladies I meet in my way ;

Can never detain, tho' kind in their song,
Even when they sing.

From my bottle a moment to itay :
I haste to my friends, and I take a good wet,
Then trip away prim'd to my charming Brunette.

The miser may boast of his hoarded up store,

At his riches I'll never repine;

The principal thing that I wish in my pow'r,

Is my love, and my friend, and good wine :
I'd kiss and shake hands, and I'd drink and not fret,
While bless'd with my bumper, my friend, and Brunette.

The DELICATE FAIR, by Miss WILSON.
True & interesting Stories.

Down in the meadows, when lambkins are playing all,
Sweet is each prospect and charming each scene ;
Celia was singing with a voice like a nightingale.

Of all rural beauties she only was queen;

Her blooming face it look'd so prettily.

And when she talk'd, she talk'd so wittily;

So happy each motion, so graceful each air,

Sure there never was seen such a delicate fair.

I found

I found in my bosom my heart was a dancing too,
 Cupid had shot me as sure as a gun ;
 In every respect she was so enchanting too,
 Her countenance it was as bright as the sun :
 Then she approach'd so kind and readily,
 She stagger'd me so that I could not stand steadily ;
 So happy each motion, so graceful each air,
 Sure there never was seen such a delicate fair.

I tried to speak to her, but O ! how I falter'd then,
 I dar'd not look up to her black piercing eye ;
 But Cupid assisted, and soon I was alter'd then,
 I press'd and I kiss'd, till I made her comply :
 Then how she talk'd of love so prettily,
 Each expression was so wittily ;
 So charming her motion, so graceful her air,
 Sure there never was seen such a delicate fair.

.....

S T R E P H O N and S Y L V I A.

A NEW DUETT.

TUNE, *Contented all Day.*

STREPHON.

COME Sylvia let's haite to the sweet smiling grove,
 And list to the linnets or fond cooing dove ;
 The season invites us, all nature is gay,
 The flowers are blooming, and cheerful the day.

SYLVIA.

My lambs will be lost should their shepherds stray,
 Beside the fond wanton I love to see play ;
 They sport on the green with so sprightly a grace,
 It a folly would be other prospects to trace.

You

STREPHON.

You doubt of my love, if you think I mean harm,
 My honour shall never thy bosom alarm ;
 The swain who could beauty, and virtue betray,
 Deserves not to breath, or enjoy the bright day.

SYLVIA.

Such sentiments surely each maid must approve,
 And in kind return grant the shepherd her love ;
 Reclined on yon bank, the day we may pass,
 And view how the daisies enamel the grass.

BOTH.

When honour and love thus together unite,
 How sweet is each transport, how sweet the delight ;
 Each tender impression the joy does improve,
 And youth is the season for rapture and love.

.....

The SORROWS of WERTER, by a very young Lad.

TUNE, *Gaurdian Angels.*

FATE my sorrows, now increasing,
 What alas ! shall Werter do ?
 Nothing cheerful, nothing pleasing,
 Gloomy fantoms I pursue :
 O ! my Charlotte, ever reigning
 In this bosom so sincere,
 'Tis you alone, can ease my moan,
 Banish all my grief and care.

Thou, from virtue never swerveing,
 Can alas ! give no relief !
 Strictest honour still preserving,
 Cureless must be my all grief :

Still

Still complaining shall I wander,
 Fear and sorrow, must be mine ;
 Baneful care, and sad despair,
 Hapless Werter must be thine.

.....

A P A R O D Y,

On “*As bringing home the other Day.*”—by R. P.

AS steering home the other night,
 Two watchmen on the beat ;
 Came up and wanted me to fright,
 For stagg’ring in the street :
 But I ne’er heeded what they said,
 So roll’d it still along ;
 One jaw’d away, I broke his head,
 And boldly sung my song.
 As passing by a tavern door,
 A blooming lass I spied ;
 I kis’d her lips you may be sure
 The favour wan’t denied :
 I ask’d her in, and call’d for wine,
 She smack’d the sparkling glass ;
 There is no pleasure so divine,
 As bumpers, and a lass.
 I little thought she would betray,
 So took a gentle nap ;
 She pick’d my fob, and stole away,
 O ! what a sad mishap :
 Ye bucks, and bloods, who thoughtless roam,
 Take warning now by me ;
 True pleasure you will find at home,
 When sipping of bohea.

A NEW PHÆTON SONG, by a Brother.

TUNE, *Anacreon in Heaven, &c.*

YE muses assist me to raise up my song,
Solicit the aid of your patron Apollo ;
That we with good humour the eve may prolong,
And mirth, laugh, and frolic, all cheerfully follow ;

That Phætons may join,
In the noble design :

As fancy instructs o'er the juice of the vine,
Each friendly intention may happily rise,
And our songs, and our mirth may ascend to the skies.

Tho' Phætons was rash, and unfortunate fell,
When the charriot of day all too young he was guiding,
Tho' like him we'd be great, yet the truth let me tell,
'Tis prudence each night we still mean to confide in ;

That when we are gay,
And laugh time away,

The critics and snarlers alike shall all say,
Each friendly intention does nobly arise,
And our songs, and our mirth both ascend to the skies.

Thro' the zodiack of pleasure we mean to pursue,
Of bottles and glasses make each constellation ;
Our bumpers bright stars which we still keep in view,
Improving the science with strict observation ;

As the plannets appear
In our good humour'd sphere,

With the best that we can we'll incircle the year ;
That each freindly intention shall nobly arise,
And our songs, and our mirth may ascend to the skies.

Thus

Thus we Phætons each night pass the moments away,
 A round of good fellowship ever displaying ;
 After cheerfully ending the busines of day,
 The busines of pleasure we're never delaying ;
 With bottle or bowl,
 Dull care we controul,
 And keep up our spirits and cheer up the soul ;
 That each friendly intention may nobly arise,
 And our songs, and good humour ascend to the skies.

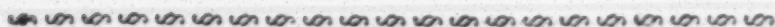
ON SEVERNS BANKS, by Mrs WILSON.

TUNE, *Shannons flowry Banks.*

TWAS near where Upton rises high with varied pro-
 spects crown'd,
 Where flow'ry meads delight the eye, and lambkins skip
 and bound ;
 As with my flock I took my way, while larks with sweet-
 est song
 Made vocal all the hill around, and did the time prolong :
 I met a maid as blyth as they, with cheeks of rosey hue,
 Her hair was flowing to her waist, her eyes a glossy blue;
 She ask'd the way, I told her true, she gave me many
 thanks,
 Yet Oh ! She stole my heart away on Severn's verdant
 banks.

I gaz'd, and sigh'd ! and sigh'd and gaz'd, and wist not
 what to do,
 'Till Cupid whisper'd in my ear, the damsel soon perlie ;
 O'er Morven hills and far away, she goes with all her
 speed,
 If you would win her, you must haste, or you will not
 succeed :

I trip'd along, the fair o'er took, and beg'd to be her
guide,
She simil'd, consent, and walk'd along, yet with a modest
pride ;
We trip'd with speed beside the stream where osiers grow
in ranks,
What rapture did my bosom feel on Severn's fertile banks.
Yet tho' my heart it flutter'd much, I tun'd a tender song,
The whistling reeds they caught the sound, and did the
theme prolong ;
I mention'd love, and told the maid how constant I
would be,
The little urchin sent his dart, and Phebe is for me :
Ye flow'rs that crown the smiling meads, be ever fresh
and gay,
A happier lot cannot be found, than fate does now display,
The gods ! who bleis each lover true, I gave them
grateful thanks,
For I have gain'd my hearts chief wish, on Severn's
verdant banks.



DEATH of ALKNOMOOK, *an Indian Chief.*

THE sun sets in night, and the stars close the day,
But glory remains when their light fade away,
Begin ye tormentors, your threats are in vain,
For the son of Alknomook shall never complain.

Remember the arrows I shot from my bow,
Remember your Chiefs by my hatchet laid low ;
Why so slow do you think I shall shrink from the pain ?
No ! the son of Alknomook shall never complain.

Remember

Remember the woods where in ambush we lay,
 And the scalps which we bore from your nation's away ;
 Now the flaine rises fast, you exult in my pain,
 But the son of Alknomook shall never complain.

I go to the land where my father is gone,
 His shade shall rejoice in the death of his son ;
 Death comes like a friend to release me from pain,
 And thy son, Oh ! Alknomook, has scorn'd to complain.

.....

MARIA, or the FAIR RECLUSE.

The Words by *W.G.* of BURY St. EDMONDS.

TUNE, *Shepherds so cheerfull and gay.*

NEAR the banks of the Stour if you stray,
 Where nature each beauty expands ;
 When Flora comes smiling with May,
 And verdure blooms over the lands :
A hermitage near you will trace,
 A rural, and pleasing retreat
 Where Maria, adorn'd with each grace,
 Has fix'd her contemplative seat.

With ev'ry accomplishment bles'd,
 Which nature on youth can bestow ;
 Each beholder, her charms has confess'd,
 And her mildnes the Shepherds all know :
 Oh ! why does the maiden retire ?
 And keep a Recluse from the sight ;
 When king might the fair one admire,
 In her presence find ev'ry delight.

What

What motive the nymph can detain,
 To honour and fortune allied ;
 Why hid from the world thus remain ?
 Of the village the glory and pride :
 Has Cupid invaded her heart ?
 Does some Shepherd insensible prove ?
 He has left her to mourn thus apart,
 With all the fond feelings of love !

Maria ! Ah ! quit this retreat,,
 Come forth and rejoice all the plain ;
 Each muse shall thy praises repeat,
 'Till echo return the fond strain :
 At each rural festival shine,
 The theme, and the joy of each song ;
 You'll find ev'ry heart will be thine,
 And pleasure each moment prolong.

.....

The SONS of NEPTUNE, by CAPTAIN THORPE.

TUNE, *The topsails shivers, &c.*

AS Neptune circles round our isle,
 Where foaming billows roar,
 On every honest heart he'll smile,
 To guard his favourite shore ;
 His sons he will protect no doubt,
 Who gaily push the bowl about.

Let here his trydent be display'd,
 The scepter of the main ;
 None then at foes will be dismay'd,
 Each threat will prove in vain :
 They'll find tho' bold they rush to war,
 That glory, is our leading star.

Yet

Yet should they flatter, and cajole,
 We still will have our way,
 And spread our sails from pole, to pole,
 Our commerce to display ;
 The sons of Neptune still shall rise,
 And each infidious art despise.

Good humour steers our hearts to night,
 With friendship at the head ;
 Our courage bold, our rigging tight,
 While bumpers flow with speed ;
 May Neptunes sons then keep in view,
 Whate'er is noble, just, and true.

.....

The BONNY LASS, A SCOTCH SONG.

TUNE, *The Highland Laddie.*

AS I gang'd o'er the brig ane day,
 A lass I met as blyth as onny ;
 She smil'd and speer'd, yet gang'd away,
 She is the Joe, that's made for Sawney ;

C H O R U S.

O ! the lass so blyth and bonny,
She is the Joe that's made for Sawney ;
I'd kiss, and press, and still carress
The smiling Joe, so smirk and bonny.

I met the maid again yestreen,
 Her name I ask'd, she told me Nonny ;
 And though she had twa pawky een,
 Indeed she did not gloom on Sawney ;

O ! the lass, &c.

I follow'd

I follow'd to the birk wi speed,
 Where flowrits spring as sweet as onny ;
 I woo'd the lass, and did succeed,
 Ah ! what a happy loon is Sawney ;

O ! the lass, &c.

Ye carls who wend, from fair, to fair,
 Each is indeed a simple tony ;
 Did you but see each grace, and air,
 You'd gage indeed, and envy Sawney ;

O ! the lass, &c.

Ye pow'rs divine, who rule above,
 O ! bles, and guard my charming Nonny,
 And let her still with truth and love,
 Still charin the heart of her own Sawney ;

O ! the lass, &c.

The W R E C H.

TUNE, *Cease rude Boreas, &c.*

NOW the shades of night descending,
 Now the winds begin to rise,
 And the dreadful storm impending,
 Grumbling in the darkling skies ;
 where lightening glares around us,
 Thunder loud, and louder, roars ;
 Apprehension now confound us,
 As the billows lost the shores.

Every art each one is trying,
 But alas ! all art is vain ;
 Not one star is seen complying,
 To guide us o'er the troubled main :

Dreadful

Dreadful are the rocks projecting,
 Providence is all our hope ;
 If she is not us protecting,
 Useless is, alas ! each rope.

Mountains high the ship is rising,
 Now she sinks again as low ;
 Vain is Prudence now advising,
 To the bottom she must go :
 Farewell friends, and kindred dear too,
 We alas ! shall meet no more,
 On the land there's nought to fear you,
 Happy be you all on shore,

.....

F A I R R O S A L E

T H E S E Q U E L T O Y O U N G L U B I N .

ON that lone bank where Lubin died ;
 Fair Rosale a wretched maid,
 Sat weeping o'er the cruel tide,
 Faithful to her Lubin's shade ;
 Oh ! may some kind, some gentle wave,
 Waft him to this mournful shore ;
 These tender hands should make his grave,
 And deck his corps with flowers o'er.

I'd ever watch his mouldring clay,
 And pray for his eternal rest ;
 When time his form has worn away,
 His dust I'd place within my breast :
 While thus she mourn'd, her Lubin loit,
 And echo to her grief replied ;
 Lo ! at her feet, his corps was tost,
 She shriek'd ! she clapt him ! figh'd and died.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

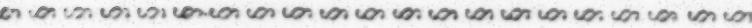
Sung by Mr. BANNISTER.

WHEN first this humble roof I knew,
 With various cares I strove ;
 My grain was scarce, my sheep were few,
 My all of life was love.

By mutual toil our board was dress'd
 The spring our drink bestow'd ;
 But when her lip the brim had press'd,
 The cup with nectar flow'd.

Content and peace the dwelling shar'd,
 No other guest came nigh ,
 In them was giv'n (tho' gold was spar'd)
 What gold could never buy.

No value has a splendid lot,
 But as the means to prove ;
 That from the castle to the cot,
 The all of life is love.



A HARVEST HOME SONG, by Mr. GOODWIN.

TUNE, The moment Aurora peeps into my Room.

BRIGHT sol has return'd to the western domain—
 To sleep on his Thetis fair bosom again ;
 Then let rosy mirth with her gay dimpled guest,
 Now sooth rugged labour and lull care to rest ;
 For sly can the farmer or peasant look glum,
 While echoing woodlands reply harvest home,

C H O R U S.

C H O R U S.

Harvest home,

Harvest home,

White echoing woodlands reply harvest home.

The scythe and the fickle resign to the flail
 So now with brown beer, fill the cleanly milk-pail ;
 And while cheerful toasts go round merry and blythe,
 Remember the vicar, and pay him his tythe ;
 Or else the grave don will most surely look glum—

White echoing, &c.

The sportsmen now rise when the merry ton'd horn,
 Salute fair aurora and welcome the morn,
 All other delights must to hunting give place,
 And ease fall a victim to the toils of the chace ;
 With pleasures exulting in freedom to roam—

White echoing, &c.

Pomona her treasure now plenteously pours,
 And ceres has fill'd ev'ry barn with her stores ;
 So now while we drink may fair friendship be found,
 Where nature profusely deals bounty around :
 So now lad and lasses with speed hither come.

White echoing, &c.

.....

A FAVOURITE PARODI,

On "The echoing Horn," &c.—By R. P.

THE dull drowsy watch call the topers away,
 Away to the bottle and glafs,
 Where plety of mirth, and good liquor is found,
 And moments all cheerful paſs :

What pleasure inspires each true hearty blade,
As the full flowing bumper goes round ;
The song in full chorus, is echoed with glee,
And the night with good humour is crown'd.

Triumphant we sit, each despising dull care,
Like true sons of Bacchus divine ;
More sweet is each bottle that comes on the board,
And we drink 'till our noses do shine :
With toasts, and with sentiments, rapture, and glee,
The sweets of good fellowship's ours ;
When we find we've enough we go ranting away,
And the watchman before us he scours.

LAMB COT. A NEW PASTORAL SONG,

By Miss WILSON,

TUNE, *Silver moon's enamour'd beams.*

THE orient sun how beamy bright,
It glows o'er yonder hill ;
How fades the flow departing night,
How solemn all and still ;
How sweet each varied prospect round,
How gay is every scene ;
Yet not a prospect can be found,
Like Lamb-cot on the green.

'Tis there the creeping i'vy twines,
 Of ever vernal hue,
And intermingled jefamines,
 Delights the gazer's view ;

Within

Within the lovely Daphne dwells,
 None fairer e'er was seen,
 No scene there surely is excels,
 Sweet Lamb-cot on the green.

The spreading elms a loft arise,
 Where little warblers sing ;
 The early lark salutes the skies,
 And soars on downy wing ;
 The flocks and herds are seen around,
 The milk-maid view so clean ;
 No other prospect can be found,
 Like Lamb-cot on the green.

Would Daphne deign to crown my love,
 How happy I should I be,
 Each rural happiness I'd prove,
 Each dear felicity ;
 I'd tune my oaten pipe with ease,
 Unto my hearts dear queen,
 And ev'ry thing around would please,
 At Lamb-cot on the green.

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P E G G Y, A NEW SCOTCH SONG.

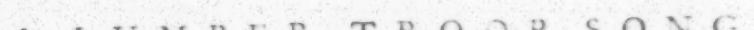
TUNE, *At setting Day, &c.*

When phœbus gilds the orient sky,
 I rise with thoughts quite tender,
 And would if Sandy did comply,
 My youthful heart surrender;

With

With him i'd seek the rural shade,
 And every thought discover;
 if he would love a timple maid,
 To be a faithful lover.

My little lambs should climb the bank,
 'To see my Sandy tripping,
 And every prospect give content,
 When all round were skipping;
 O ! come my Sandy haste away,
 Be to thy Peggy kind O !
 And every night, and ev'ry day,
 A faithful lass you'll find O .



A L U M B E R T R O O P S O N G

The Words by R. RUSTED.

TUNE, *Rule Britannia.*

WITH nectar fills the flowing bowl!
 What can excel a chearfull glass,
 It animates the fleeting foal,
 As through the vale of life we pass.

C H O R U

*With nectar fill, let not your friends die,
 And toast the famous " King of Free men."*

Let George the Third
 His well known
 And Heroes bring triumph home,
 Whilst his country and land

By tunefull bards recorded be;
 Favorite sons of wit and mirth;
 Whose powers enrich with harmony;
 The surface of the teeming earth.

With nectar, &c.

Shou'd Britains Monarch wisely call,
 His veteran "*Lumber Troops,*" to arms;
 The bowl we'd quit let what befall,
 To share the fate of wars alarms!

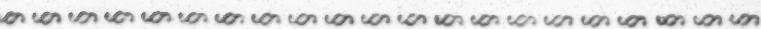
With nectar, &c.

With Mars and Bacchus we unite,
 Can Roman greatness this exceed;
 By gallic foes ne'r put to flight,
 We for our King and country bleed.

With nectar, &c.

To him who fills the British Throne,
 The guardian of our liberty;
 A goblet shall his prowess own,
 So drink to George, prosperity.

With nectar, &c.



A N E W S O N G.—The words by R. D.

TUNE, *Of the high mettled Racer.*

SEE the Park throng'd with coaches, the nobles all run,
 To view the dear angel—her ruins begun;
 Princes, dukes, lords, and bankers are first in her train,
 In raptures they ogle as yet but in vain.

In raptures, &c.

And

And see the old lecher, with rheum in his eyes,
Scarcely able to crawl, bidding high for the prize :
Whilst rakes, bawds, and panders are hunting her down,
The beautiful Sallys, first known to the town.

The beautiful, &c.

Each gallant ordores with phrenzy's opprest ;
Lest she by some other should first be possest ;
Tho' all the same victim with ardour pursue,
Yet by rank or by gold, one obtains the kind view.

Yet by rank, &c.

Fond dreams of ambition, her virtue assails,
Till her noble deciever by words soon prevails ;
In splendor now rolling—in chariot and four,
The beautiful Sally no higher can soar.

The beautiful, &c.

But at length the grand rake is cloy'd with his Mifs ;
No longer dear Sally's the fountain of bliss ;
Whole nights his angel, must pass all alone;
To mourn the frail hour—that she n'er attone.

To mourn, &c.

Her glaring attendants, his splendour no more,
She now feels such pangs as she ne'er felt before ;
No provision shes made and her purse growing less,
The beautiful Sallys, first tastes her distres.

The beautiful, &c.

Perhaps fickle fortune the scene now may shift,
And ere sh's quite common—may give her a lift.
Her first sad reflection she now seeks to drown,
By flying to pleasures extravagant round.

By flying, &c.

Balls,

Balls, plays, masquerades, and all places of sport.
Wherever the ton goes, she's sure to resort;
When no longer weak art, her charms can replace.
The beautiful, Sally's a wreck at kings place.

The beautiful, &c.

A while here she stays, till all feeling is dead,
Grown callous to shame, shall now drudge for bread:
Thro' bitter abuses, cold, hungry, and dry,
The long tedious winter, the streets she must ply.

The long, &c.

And if some kind chance throws a crown in her way,
The watchman and justice, come in for their pay;
Or else from the round-house to bide lewellye's fent,
Where beautiful Sally, may starve to repent.

If bere beaut' ful, &c.

Now worn with diseases she draws fast to her end,
Quite rotten, she crawls to the Lock, her last friend;
Where a crowd of pale sisters her fame do record,
Till her birth, life, and keeper's resound diry' eich ward.

Till her, &c.

While drench'd rubb'd, and phylick'd, all loathsome she lies,
Polluted and feeble, she now scarcely sighs.
Forgotten at thirty she welcomes grim death,
The beautifull Sally, thus yeilds up her breath,

The beautifull, &c.

A NEW FAL DE RAL TIT,

Sang by Mr. JOHANOT, at the Royal Circus.

I NEVER once thought the time to see,
That I posseis'd of gold shou'd be,
So very droll appears to me,

How e'er I'll keep it up :

To the “*Dog and Duck*” away I'll strole,
Myself to amuse with some kind foul,
And trash it away without controul,

And roar out fal de ral tit.

I'll dress myself so neat and fine,
At a shilling ordinary I'll dine,
I'll swig the porter, punch, and wine,

O ! how I'll sport the bit ;

I'll call for the girls to foot it away.
For I'm resolved to be merry to-day,
Then fiddlers begin without any delay,

To play up fal de ral tit.

Then like Mark Anthony I'll ride,

With Cleopatra by my side,

Her cheeks as red as a Wapping bride

On board of “*St. George's Spa* ;”

Her tete at least three stories high,

Tho' ribbons are tax'd, her streamers shall fly,

Wit sparkling in her roguish eye,

Shall laugh at Fal de ral tit.

While on Briton's happy land,

An upright sailor will I stand,

With wine and woman at command,

What can I wish for more ;

Then

Then a bumper I'll fill with great delight,
 I'll drink your healths with all my might,
 For your good company this night
 Makes me sing fal de ral tit.

The Neat VILLAGE LASSES,

By Miss GILSON.

TUNE, *The Lads of the Village.*

WHILE the neat village lasses are merry and gay,
 With the bell I will briskly advance,
 And blithe as the linnet that sings through the day,
 I will join on the green in the dance.

I will go to the wake, to the fair I will go,
 While pleasure is still on the wing,
 While zephyrs fans gently the flowers that blow,
 And health, rosy health, rules the spring.

While the neat, &c.

When the queen of the May lovely Sylvia is crown'd,
 A garland for her I'll prepare,
 While the pipe and the tabor, so sweetly does sound,
 Not a thought I will give to dull care.

While the neat, &c.

THE KIS'D AND I COMPLY'D.

Song by Mrs. MARGERY.

AT dawning day among the boughs,
 I met my sweetheart Johnny,

1 2

His

His breath like roses sweet perfume,
His smiles fa bly the' and berry,
He offer'd love my mind to move,
And ask'd me for his bride,
I am t^y young, I faltering sung,
And long his suit deny'd.

With ilka beauty bright and gay,
 Wi' e'en that shone fo' sweetly,
What kiss cou'd say the laddie nay :
 Who told his love fa' teartly ;
He vow'd that he wad faithful be,
 If soon I'd be his bride.
My tongue said nay my e'en cry'd ay,
 He kiss'd and I comply'd.

W' i mickle joy; my hand he feiz'd,
To kirk I hied wi Johnny,
His carriage fair my fancy pleas'd,
So San'ly blythe and bonny,
I blefs the hour and loves soft pow'r,
That made me Johnny's bride,
I blefs the day, when free and gay,
He kiss'd and I comply'd.

A NEW PASTORAL SONG, by Miss Wilson.

TUNE, *The Lass of Patties Mill.*

THE fields are fresh and gay,
All nature smiles confis'd,
The birds sing on each spray,
Or build each downy nest;

Corre

Come Phebe let us hie,
To trace the dewy lawn;
Each fond endearment take,
Now phœbus gilds the dawn.

Mark where the violet grows,
To scent the Ambient air;
How bright the cowslips blows,
Or lillies white appear;
See where the lambkins play,
And gambol on the green;
What fancy does display,
In every varied scene.

Come Phebe, come away,
Thy tenderness to prove ;
Among the meadows gay
We'll tell fond tales of love :
With innocence and truth,
Unknown to pride and art ;
Now in our prime of youth,
Each tender wish impart.

The HAPPY FELLOW,—by J. B.

TUNE, Contented I am, &c.

HOW happy am I, and still happy I'll be,
At night when my friends are all met,
When the bottles are rang'd, and the glories I see,
All troubles and cares I forget.

My brave boys, &c.

Then

Then ruff-fac'd Bacchus steps into the chair,
And Mornus knocks down for a song;
Bright Fancy attends with her whimsical air,
The moments of mirth to prolong.

My brave boys, &c.

What pleasure it is, and charming delight,
In good fellowship thus to be found;
With a bumper and friend to pass the gay night,
And with peace and good humour be crown'd.

My brave boys, &c.

THE LASS OUT OF HER TEENS,

By MR. GOODWIN.

TILL arriv'd in my teens no sorrow had I
To ruffle my bosom or prompt the sad sigh,
But soon little Cupid with cunning and skill,
Made me wish from my soul I had been a child still.

One morn as I rov'd in the season of spring,
Where fond turtles coo; and where goldfinches sing,
I spy'd, gentle Damon, but Oh! the dire ill,
Makes me wish from my soul I was but a child still.

I have heard a gay damsel elate with excess,
Say nymphs in their teens have no fellows in bliss;
But should the vain fair one, taste loves bitter pill,
She wou'd wish from her soul she was but a child still.

Yet sable despair shall not burthen my mind,
For thou'd the blythe swain prove ingenuous and kind,
At the Temple of Hymen I'd answ're, I will!
Nor wish from my soul to be but a child still.

ENTICKS

ENTICK'S SOFT MEADOWS.

Sung by MRS. MARTYR,

ON entick's green meadows where innocence reign,
 Where pleasure and plenty for ever presides,
 I romp'd with the maidens and pretty young swain,
 And Ralph fancied soon he should call me his bride.
 When I first heard the drum with a row, dow, dow,
 Its music was sweeter than soft serenade,
 I scorn all the rest for the row, a dow, dow,
 And I figh'd for the captain—with smart cockade.

The first e'er I saw, he march'd over our green,
 His men all behind him, by two, and by two ;
 Such a fight in our village had never been seen,
 The men all in ranks were drawn out to view ;
 When I first heard the drum with a row, dow, dow,
 Young Cupid awak'd, such a bustle he made,
 My heart beat a march with a row, dow, dow,
 And went o'er to the captain—with a smart cockade.

My face took his fancy, he swore at my feet,
 All his laurëls he'd lay, if I'd give him my hand ;
 No maid could refuse a lover so sweet,
 To the church then I march'd by the word of com-
 mand ;
 Now I follow the drum with a row, dow, dow,
 Nor e'er repented the vow that I made,
 No music to me like the the row, dow, dow,
 Nor a youth like the captain—with smart cockade.

A NEW

A NEW ANTI-BOURBON SONG,—by Brother S.

Tunst, By the gayly circling glass

ANTI-BOURBONS still are gay,
Sing and quaff the time away;
Gallic fripperies they despise,
Each with mirth and friendship vies.

To their country itaunch and true,
Patriot honour they perfue ;
Lift the foaming goblet high !
Care and trouble they dety.

Should the vain Bourbon's creed,
Try Old England to fibbie,
The "Anti-Bourbons" then would rise,
And their vain attempts despise.

But while gentle peace prevails,
And Justice lifts at her scales;
Mirth, and jollity's their way,
Ever easy, ever gay.

WHICH IS THE MAN

Sung by Mrs. WRIGHTEN.

THREE sweethearts I boast, pray who could wish
in're!
And yet there are many could manage a score,
'Tis hard f're to fix an' their merits to scan,
Tho' they tease me so oft to know which is the man.

The captain who praises my air, and my grace,
Will kiss (lord a mercy) my maid to my face,

H

He swears at my monkey, looks big, breaks my fan,
Yet I scarce dare to tell him he is not the man.

The beau lud so sweet and so smart, and so thin,
Does so fidget and gaze at himself with a grin ;
That in vain he attempts my heart to trepan,
I declare he looks more like a doll then a man.

I want one to love and protect me beside,
That neither shall fear or despise when a bride,
My heart is his own, and I'll love while I can,
And Willy, my dear, constant Willy's the man.

*A Favourite Song, sung by Miss ROMANZINI, in the
Character of a Jew Broker.*

YE jobbers, underwriters, ye all of pen and ink,
With mine fal lal la, &c.
Who in the alley gay patterr's, your tea and coffee drink ;
With mine fal lalla, &c.
Rattling up your yellow-boys, come hither at my call,
I'm buyer. or I'm seller, and I can flervre you all,
With mine fal lalla, &c.

Ye bulls, ye bears, ye lame ducks, and all ye waddling crew,

With mine fal la la, &c.
If 'twas not for us smoutches, I don't know what ye'd do;
With mine fal la la, &c.

If e'er ye want shcurities, tish we dat find got pails,
Our friends have got de monish—but den they some-
times fails.

With mine fal la la, &c.

If noblemans have lost roulas and all their fino spent,

With mine fal la la, &c.

My heart it melts—I draw di pond—and lend for cent per cent;

With mine fal la la, &c.

Or if a life you wou'd infure dats old and crazy grown,
Di ways and means, I'll let you know to get the do buisinth done.

With mine fal la la, &c.

Ye captains, and ye colonel, ye jointur'd widows all,

With mine fal la la, &c.

To Little Isaac come when'er your stocks begin to fall,

With mine fal la la, &c.

I'll put you in a method once more to raise ye de cash,
I'll buy into your finking funds, that you may cut a flath.

With mine fal la la, &c.

Ye parson's with goot livings, ye courtiers wid goot place,

With mine fal la la, &c.

Advice I'll give ye cratish and tink upon your case;

With mine fal la la, &c.

If their iſhi poshibility's for you I'll raith de duſt,
But den you must excuse me, if I sherve myſelf de firſt.

With mine fal la la, &c.

I give advice to every tribe but the phyſhick and de law,

With mine fal la la, &c.

But they out-wit the Jews demſelves—for bills at dey fight;

With mine fal la la, &c.

We, when we lend our monish, run ſome riſk tho' tiſh small,

But dey take all di monish, and run no riſk at all.

With mine fal la la, &c.

The

The BEAUTIES of NORFOLK,—by R. P.

TUNE. Bring the flask, the music bring, &c.

EAST, west, and north, and south,

I've travel'd all about Sir ;

And if that I must tell the truth,

'Twas pleasure to find out Sir.

CHORUS.—But Norfolk is the place for me,

For friendship, and for beauty,

Good rag, as clear as you can see,

And every thing to suit ye.

A hearty welcome you will find,

Not merely catch, as catch can ;

But dainty's rare to please the mind,

And dumpings in the lutch pan.

Then Norfolk, &c.

The flowing gotch is quickly brought,

And round to each it passes ;

Each heart is with good humour fraught,

And lovely are the lasses.

Then Norfolk, &c.

Fine sheep are bleeting on the hills,

And oxen too are grazing ;

With purling streams, and tinkling rills,

Each prospect is amazing.

Then Norfolk, &c.

Old ocean rolls an ample tide,

Where fish is found in plenty ;

Nature ! has nothing here deni'd,

Which surely must content ye.

Then Norfolk, &c.

My friends come fill the gotch again,

And toast the blooming maunders ;

May each soon bleis some jolly swain,

And they be happy fathers.

For Norfolk, &c.

BOROUGH UNIONS.—By Brother C.

TUNE, *Ye tuneful Nine.*

YE muses touch each trembling string,
Of unanimity to sing ;
'Tis that cements and binds us all,
The high, the low, the great, the small,
Each friend assembled here to night,
In strictest Union will delight.

Union, is harmony we find,
And makes each sentimental mind ;
A happy bond at once to prove,
The force of friendship honor, love,
And o'er the bottle, or the bowl,
With joy inspires the noble soul.

Look through all nature, and all art,
Tis Union makes compleat each part ;
It beautifies each rising pile,
The base, the bulwark of our Isle ;
'Tis Unions all a like agree,
Preserves our laws and liberty.

Still may our order friendly stand,
And with increasing time expand,
The "*Borough Unions*" still shall be,
Friendly, cheerful, merry free,
Their hours will pass with true delight
Who kind and cordially unite.



VALENTINES DAY.—By MR. GOODWIN.

WHEN nights sable train,
Had fled from the plain,

Young

Yong Collin, with heart light and gay,
 His cottage forsook,
 With pipe, and with crook,
 To welcome in Valentine's day.

He saw on the boughs,
 Fond birds plighting vows,
 All nature to love did incline ;
 I will, said the swain,
 Now traverse the plain,
 In quest of a fair Valentine.

He rov'd thro' the shades,
 O'er fallows, o'er glade,
 'Till Phillis he met by the way,
 She at first was unkind,
 But soon she inclin'd
 To celebrate Valentine's day.

To the temple of love,
 Side by side did they rove,
 And there heart for heart did resign ;
 In hymen's chaste bands,
 The priest join'd the hands,
 Of Collin and his Valentine.

.....

A FAVOURITE ANTI-BOURBON SONG.

The Words by a LADY.

TUNE, *Mulberry Tree, &c.*

TO our brave Institution each Britain advance,
 Who despises the Union and terror of France,
 Come blend your invectives to shake her proud tow'rs,
 For my brave "Anti-Bourbons" the laurel is ours.

C H O R U S

C H O R U S.

*Fill then the glass while gallia boats,
Defraction to our happy coasts !
Fair liberty and victory,
Shall crown the "Anti-Bourbon toast.*

Fame courts our alliance to re-echo afar,
Our valiant attachment in peace and in war ;
No debates unharmonious can ever prevail,
In a meeting where freedom determines the scale.

Fill then the glass, &c.

Here's success to those heroes, who govern our fleets,
May their valour be glorious nor shrink at defeat ;
While each noble action on record shall stand,
And peace wave her olive once more o'er our land.

Fill then the glass, &c.

Welcome is your new brother may health, peace and joy,
Entwine their soft blessings each care to destroy ;
May a constant succession of happiness give,
Due reward to his merit, and long may he live.

Fill then the glass, &c.

Come join in the chorus, and mingle applause,
Ye sons of Britannia, who's warm in the cause ;
Which gave darling freedom to honour our name,
To Bourbon confusion and absolute shame,

LINGO'S TRIUMPH,

A COMIC SONG,

*As sung with universal Applause, at the Royal Circus ;
the Word by W. Hassen, Jun.*

O NCE more, good friends, with Latin grac'd,
And jug or good old stingo ;
In spite of Domine Felix's taste,
Be bold your fav'rite Lingo !
As Butler, Sirs ! I yet remain,
An I still am Cowslip's tutor,
In spite of Cudgen, set i' th' awain,
I'm now he favour'd tutor.

Tol lol de rol.

T'other day as we together fit,
Amo, amas, omnia me, &c. ;
Rude Cudgen enter'd in a peit,
And kick'd down all our cream, Sirs !
You malus homo ! I hawl'd out,
When Cowslip, pretty foul, Sir's,
Desir'd I wou'd not make a rout,
And she'd go fill the bowl, Sirs,

Tol lol de rol.

When my sweet Bella she went out,
I took my man to talk, Sirs ;
What this quid opis was about ?
I just made bold to aik, Sirs :
So learnedly to work I went,
Says I, "Here's pretty rig," Sirs !
He said, "He car'd not what it meant,"
And then douc'd off my wig, Sirs !

Tol lol de rol.

I call'd him Stultus, and what not ;
I rav'd, I stamp't, I twore, Sirs !
But all this while I had forgot
My wig lay on the floor, Sirs.
I plac'd it quickly on my head,
Call'd him a horrid, boar, Sirs ;
Then by his nose, him strait I led,
And kick'd him out of doors, Sirs.

Tol lol de rol.

Then Cowslip came in a sad fright,
To her I told the whole, Sirs,
She said I had but serv'd him right,
I bid her bring the bowl Sirs ;
She brought it in, I shut the door,
My heart was light as a feather ;
She vow'd she'd ne'er see Cudden more
So we spent the day together.

Tot slot de rol.

C Y N T H I A . A N E W S O N G

BY MR. REYNOLDS OF NEW YORK.

(This Song has never been set to any Tune.)

O F T has the shepherd tun'd his vocal reed,
And pledg'd his vows to meet the coming night,
The constant virgin—whom with swiftest speed,
Sweet Cynthia's guided her heav'nly light.

Oft has the miser blest the midnight hour,
When bright Cynthia's blaz'd the misty earth,
To secret, ah ! perhaps, some orphan's dow'r,
Robb'd by the wretch of all its worldly worth.

Off

Oft hast thou seen the sailor, void of fear,
 (Save one that Nature fondly whisper'd love)
 Press to his lips the image of his dear,
 While 'gainst the surge the lab'ring vessel's strove ;
 And, ah ! dear Cynthia, what hast thou not seen,
 When love's met love—in woodbine, bow'r, or green !

THE COMPLAINT OF CASCARILLA.

AN AMERICAN BALLAD, BY MR. HULET OF NEW YORK

(To any Tune the Reader may please.)

TH E fairest cedar of the grove,
 Arose less beauteous than my love,
 The pride of all our Indian youth,
 For valor, constancy and truth.

His eyes were bright as morning dew,
 His lips, the [†] Nopal's crimson hue ;
 His teeth, the silvery plume so white,
 That wings the spotless bird [‡] of night.

For me, the unerring lance he threw,
 For me the steadfast bow he drew ;
 Chac'd the fleet-roe thro' mead and wood,
 Or lur'd the tenants for our food.

Mine was the spoil, the trophies mine,
 The choicest skins my cot to line :

While

* The plant on which the cochineal is nourish'd ; its blossoms are of a beautiful red.

† The American Owl of a delicate white, equal to snow.

While for the youth a wreath I wove,
With flowers new gather'd from the grove.
But ah!—those happy hours are fled;
I weep, my dear *Panama* dead!
The clang of war his bosom fir'd,
He fought it—was conquer'd—and expir'd.
Untomb'd—unshelter'd, lo!—he lies;
No maid to close his faded eyes.
With flowers to deck his mournful bier,
Or greet his ashes with a tear.

A FAVORITE AIR.

Sung by Miss George, at the Theatre Royal, in the Hay-market, in the New Opera of *Harrowt Home*.

AS Dermot toil'd one summer's day,
Young Shelah as she sat beside him,
Fairly stole his pipe away ;
Oh ! den to hear how he'd deride him.
Where, poor Dermot, is it gone.

Your lilly lilly liddle ?
They have left you nothing but the drone,

Remember he'd like to tell us.

Beam Bum Bumble, 1996, 100 x 100 cm

Poor Petron's pipe is lost.

and what will the people do?

Even though you do not expect

Fair now I am undone and all.

Editorial—
Editorial and news columns

you not be at my heart forever?

Is it you I have in mind? I have seen
No one else like me now for more than

Nothing is the new to know,

My May, 1853.

This

That us'd to cheer me so is gone,
 Ah Dermot, thou'rt a noodle,
 Beam bum boodle loo lle loodle,
 Beam bum boodle boodle loo,
 My heart and pipe and peace are gone,
 What next will cruel Shelah do ?

Then Shelah hearing Dermot vext,
 Cried fast 'twas little Cupid mov'd me,
 You fool to steal it out of tricks—
 Only to see how much you lov'd me.
 Come chicer the Dermot, never moan,
 But take your lily loodle.
 And for the heart of you that's gone,
 You shall have mine you noodle.
 Beam bum boodle boodle loo,
 Beam bum boodle boodle loo loo,
 Shelah's to church with Dermot gone,
 And for the rest—what's that to you ?

T H E P R O K E R,

A CELEBRATED IRISH SONG,

Sung by Mr. Billmore.

ABOUT twenty years ago, Ally Croaker made a great noise,
 Was sung about the streets by all the little dirty boys ;
 T' o' her face was more fairer than the yellow oaker,
 I'll sing a better song I think about a little proker,
 O my sweet, my pretty little proker,
 O my sweet, my neat, my pretty, pretty proker.

It was in Bally-Porene in the county of ——— I forgot the name,

But it was in Ireland, and that you know well, the same,
A fat greasy landlord, to fit the devilish bairns,
Accus'd poor Bridy Ponoboy of stealing of her proker,
 O her sweet, her pretty little proker,
 O my sweet, my pretty brais-headed proker.

Now Patt was a grenadier, in what you call the light-horse,
A tighter, cleaner, cleverer lad, by my soul, there
 never was;
He roar'd out blood and wounds, do you take me for a
 stoker,
That from the devil's fire-side, I'd come and steal your
 proker,

 O nation size you, and your dirty lousy proker,
 Do you think I'd come here to steal your dirty proker?

Says she, I neither knows nor cares about you at all at all,
And if you are for quarreling, and wants to keep up
 the tail,

You must take your bible oath, without any joke here,
That you know not, in word or deed, about my little
 proker,

 O my sweet, my pretty little proker,

 O my sweet, my pretty brais-headed proker.

Now Patt swore by the hill of How-a, and by the holy
 father too,

By all the Saints in the calendar, that was gather'd there
 together too;

By the hand of his body, and by the bread that he broke
 here,

That he knew not, in word or deed, about her little
 proker,

The

The last time you, and your dirty lousy poker,
Do you think I'll come here to feed your dirty hell?

Now all the Parliament had said and done, had no effect upon him;
Because, as I say, you know, you have not pledg'd your honour;
With that he started back, put his hand behind his cloke
here,
Touch my honour, touch my life; there's woman take
your proker,
O nation fize you, and your nasty dirty proker,
Do you think I meant to flie if your duty nasty proker?

Come all you jolly lads that used about for beans,
Up and down, round about, he never found an dirty,
If your honker is filled up, catch it by any jiving joker,
Pull out your titters, what? ... Boldly did the proker,
O his sweet, he's next to be proker,
O nation nizz you, and your nasty nasty proker,

THE COMMEMORATION SONG,

OF ST. ANN'S, PAROCHIAL JUBILEE,

T'is Missy by Mr. R. Gandy.

MY noble friends let's all begin,
To hail this brief, this happy day,
Each heart and voice aspire to sing,
And join with mirth our tuneful lay.

C H O R U S.

*Then let us all united be,
To celebrate this jubilee.*

Religion lifts her sacred voice,
And bids us all with heart and mind
On this auspicious day rejoice,
Which gave a fabrick great and kind;

Then let us, &c.

Our worthy EATON too will join,
Will join in this our humble lay,
While we with heart, and voice combine
To hail this blest, this happy day ;

Then let us, &c.

WESTRAY.

A P A R O D Y,

On "Impearl'd with the dew,"—by R. P.

He R mouth flac'd with gin,
With low vulgar grin,
Moll Turpin I view ;
Her carbuncled nose,
Which often the blows,
Drinking purl with a jew.

With jakes stinking breath,
Would poison to death ;
She fits in the fun ;
half naked to view ;
The worst of the crew,
Loves frolick and fun ;

*Her mouth, &c.
Her*

Her voice in the morn,
Like a fo'-gilder's horn,
So loud and so rough;
She bawls and she swears,
Would split all your ears,
If they're not very tough;

Her mouth, &c.

Her cheeks black and white,
May a nightman delight,
Who loves filthy foul ;
Her breasts just as fair,
Like two shrunk bladders appear,
To beauty a foil ;

Her mouth, &c.

SONGS IN ROSINA.

AIR BY MR. BANNISTER.

HE R. mouth, which a smile
Devoid of all guile,
Half opens to view,
Is the bud of the rose,
In the morning that blows,
Impearl'd with the dew,
More fragrant her breath,
Than the flow'r-tipted Heath,
At the dawning of day;
The hawthorn in bloom,
The lilly's perfume
Or the blosoms of May, *He*

Her mouth, &c.

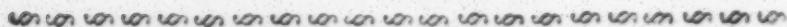
DUF

DUET BY MRS. KENNEDY AND MRS. MARTYR.

IN gaudy courts, with aching hearts,
 The great at fortune rail,
 The hills may higher honour claim,
 But peace is in the vale.

See high born dames, in rooms of state,
 With midnight revels, pale ;
 No youth admire their fading charms,
 For beauty's in the vale.

Amid the shades, the virgin's sighs
 Add fragrance to the gale ;
 So they that will may take the hill.
 Since love is in the vale.



AIR BY MR. BANNISTER.

ER E bright Rosina met my eyes,
 How peaceful past the joyous day,
 In rural sports I gain'd the prize,
 Each virgin listen'd to my lay :

But now no more I touch the lyre,
 No more the rustic sport can please,
 I live the slave of fond desire,
 Lost to myself, to mirth, and ease.

The tree, which in a happier hour,
 Its boughs extended o'er the plain,
 When blighted by the lightnings pow'r,
 Nor charms the eye, nor shades the swain ;
 The tree, which in, &c.

DUET BY MR. AND MRS. BANNISTER.

Belville.

FOR you my sweet maid, may be not afraid.
I feel an affection which yet wants a name,
Rosina.

When first I in vain I seek to explain,
What heart, but must love you, blush, fear, and shame.

Belville.

Why thus timid, Rosina? still late by my side,
Let me be your guardian protector and guide.

Rosina.

My timid heart pangs, still late by your side,
Be you my protector, my guardian and guide.

A FAVORITE SONG,

The Music by Haydn.

GRANT me ye pow'rs your aid divine,
O grant me the fair one may be mine;
Teach her to feel love's keenest dart,
And know the pangs that rend my heart.

Thou god of love, kind Cupid hear,
Return a flame that is sincere;
Pierce my Stella's harden'd breast,
Or else restore my heart to rest.

WESTRAY.

A FAVORITE

A FAVORITE PARODY,

On "If love's a sweet passion, &c."

IF wine be a cordial, why does it torment ?
If poison, oh tell me, whence comes my content ;
Since I drink it w^th pleasure, why should I complain,
Or repent every morn since I know 'tis in vain ?
Yet to him 'tis the elates, so deep is the quart,
That it ouer both drowns me, and enlivens the heart.

I take w^t of briskly, and when it is down,
By my jolly complexion I make my joys known,
But oh, how 'tis oblest when to it a g^t does prove,
By its sovereign heat to expell that ill disease ;
When the quenching the old fatigue now it ease,
And am wrapt in such pleasure that it'll w^trits a name.

How glorious is drinking, how great are its charms,
How delightful, how pleasing, the bar bells alarms ;
O say, all ye deities, powers above,
Which carries the day, is it drinking or love ?
To the vines juice prolific all beauties must yield,
For tis drinkin' that conquers and keeps the fair field.

.....

Sung by MRS. KENNEDY and MRS. MOUNTAIN,

(Late Mrs. Wilkinson.)

IN THE POOR SOLDIER.

ARose-tree full in bearing,
Had sweet flowers fair to see,
One rose beyond comparing,
For beauty attracted me :

Tho'

Tho' eager once to win it,
Lovely, blooming, fresh and gay,
I find a canker in it,
And now throw it far away.

So fine this morning early,
All sun-shiney clear and bright
So late I lov'd you dearly,
Tho' lost now each fond delight :
The clouds seem'd big with flowers,
Sunny beams no more are seen ;
Farewell ye happy hours,
Your falsehood has chang'd the scene.

A NEW SONG,

SUNG IN THE CHARACTER OF NOMUS,

*The Words by Mr. Goodwin, and the Music by
Mr. Shield.*

EXCUSE me pray, you know my way,
Nor put a hasty spoke in ;
Tax what you will, let me have still,
The liberty of joking.
The sons of earth, laugh loud of mirth,
Till fides are almost broken,
They've liberty, their vine his free,
And that augments their joking.

Fal de fal, &c.
The senate there, as we are here,
Each other's schemes are mocking ;
The Outs have will, but Ins the skill,
To be at their country joking.

The emp'ror Joe, fends nuns you know,
 And friars from convents poking,
 Their jests he grants, supplies their wants,
 But spoils their former joking.

Fal de ral, &c.

The vicar next, Paul Puzzle text,
 Who's still 'gainst av'rice croaking,
 Takes tythe in kind, to prove his mind,
 Is very prone to joking.
 The blooming belle, whose charms excell,
 Her cheek with paint is stroking ;
 The beau alas ! becomes an afs,
 Which sets the world a joking.

Fal de ral, &c.

The am'rous youth, plights vows of truth,
 His nymph says, how provoking,
 And when he sighs, or lifts his eyes,
 She cries, have done with joking.
 The songster gay, whose tuneful lay,
 A loud encore's invoking ;
 But if the roar, should be no more,
 He cries, they will be joking.

K N I B S's P O U N D.

SUNG AT THE ANACREONTIC SOCIETY.

A S I was a going by Knibs's Pound
 My cart tung five feet deep,
 I wore and stuck my whip in the shafts,
 May cattle fell fast asleep ;

There

There was Black-bird, and Gallows, and Grub,

Oh 'twas mortal to serve me so fly,

All Newgate sharp cattle they was,

And as fat and as sleek as my eye ;

Fal de ral de ral lal de la ral lal lal de ral ra ral dal lay.

What to do in this case I ne'er thought,

No more than knows nothing at all,

Sure I look'd like a thief at Tyburn,

No mortal look'd ever so small ;

At last I resolved to go,

And borrow a friend I could bring,

But who should I meet in the way,

But Luminy and Davy Crumpling.

Fal lal, &c.

Why says Davy, my kiddy, to me,

I am glad I have met you just here,

Let us hike to the two fighting cocks,

And there taste a drop of good beer,

Why Davy why Luminy, says I,

If that be your purpose and ends,

Hang the cart and the horses together,

For I love a full pot with my friends,

Fal lal, &c.

More company then we espy'd,

Made up of both women and men,

I observed how Davy did blink,

At the sight of his sweetheart Moll Wren,

A comely young damsel was she,

Her bright eyes where more blacker than floes,

When she stood up as straight as my knee,

She could kick a long crav' on her toes.

Fal lal, &c.

Will Aldsworth and flounder ne'er a Moll,
Related and nearly of kin,

But Moll she had caught the troth acht,
And wore a red rag at her chin,

Which she had of a soldier so bold,

Young Buffray by name, a foot guard,
Who was quarter'd in Davis's Rents'

And hang'd cause the times they where hard,

Fall 1st, &c.
Sam Crapsworth and whistling Ned,

Ben Piper with jacket so trim

He who 'peached poor half-a-nose Jack,
For robbing of bandy leg Jim,

This company they did advance,
And Davy saluted Moll Wren,

Then shaking our ~~daulies~~ together,
We bouz'd about killing again,

Fall 2d, &c.
Then forward and quickly we mov'd,
Till we came to our landlords, I an We,
Cause as how there was nine of us friends,
A gallon we had of the best,

Then A heiral Vernon went round,
All drank him excepting fly Dan

Who said he'd not drink such a fellow,
Cause as how he was a presbyterian ;

Fall 3d, &c.

But Duke William he lov'd to his heart,
An i propoted his health to begin,

Cause as how he made the rebels to smart
So he drank him in bitters and Gin,

So merrily spent all the day,
 And propoted to pats all the night,
 Till quarrclorne Tom came and join'd us,
 Then nothing whatever went right,

Fal lal, &c.

For he quirrel'd and call'd Moll a bitch,
 Young Luminy a son-of-a-whore,
 And swore how he'd turn them both out,
 If they offer'd to jaw a word more :
 This made Moll so angry with Tom,
 That no sime-o' niture whatever,
 Could stop the foul mouth of this jade,
 She beat all, she raged so clever,

Fal lal, &c.

Then Nim and Dan they both fell out
 Which of them had the 'est pair of buckles,
 Young Battleides codger'd his fist,
 But Dan he broke five of his knuckles !
 These differences soon where made up,
 For every way bid a whether,
 Caufe as ho'v they was charity boys,
 And both of them bred up together,

Fal lal, &c.

Another dispute then arose,
 'Twixt Luminy the nightinian and Ned,
 Which of them had on the best cloathis,
 Sam Cripstorh swore roundly 'twas Ned,
 Luminy's jacket as yellow as gold,
 With patches and hearts at each creafe,
 'Twas a green one that Nedly had on,
 Tho' a little ways cover'd with g'afe,

Fal lal, &c.

Then

Will Aldsworth and flounder about Moll,
Related and nearly of kin,

But Moll she had caught the tooth-ache,
And wore a red rag at her chin,

Which she had of a soldier so bold,

Young Buffray by name, a foot-guards,
Who was quarter'd in Davis's Rents'

And hang'd cauie the times they were hard,

Sam Crapsworth and whistling Ned,
Ben Piper with jacket so trim

He who 'peached poor half-a-nose,'
For robbing of bandy leg Jim,

This company they did advance,
And Davy saluted Moll Wren,

Then shaking our daddles together,
We bouz'd about kissing again,

Then forward and quickly we mov'd,
'Till we came to our landlords, Ian West,
Cause as how there was nine of us friends,

A gallon we had of the best,

Then Admiral Vernon went round,
All drank him excepting fly Dan

Who said he'd not drink such a fellow,
Cause as how he was a presbyterian;

Fal Lal, &c.

But Duke William he lov'd to his heart,
An i propoted his health to Legion,

Cause as how he made the rebels to smart
So he drank him in bitters and Gin,

So merrily spent all the day,
 And proposed to pass all the night,
 Till quarreling Tom came and join'd us,
 Then nothing whatever went right,

Fal-lal, &c.

For he quarrel'd and call'd Moll a bitch,
 Young Luminy a son-of-a-whore,
 And swore how he'd turn them both out,
 If they offer'd to jaw a word more :
 This made Moll so angry with Tom,
 That no slype o' nature whatever,
 Could stop the foul mouth of this jade,
 She beat all, she raged so clever,

Fal-lal, &c.

Then Nim and Dan they both fell out
 Which of them had the best pair of buckles,
 Young Battleides codger'd his fist,
 But Dan he broke five of his knuckles !
 Their differences soon where made up,
 For every wench had a whether,
 Cause as ho'ly they was charity bays,
 And both of them bled up together,

Fal-lal, &c.

Another dispute then arose,
 'Twixt Luminy the nightingale and Ned,
 Which of them had on the best cloths,
 Sam Crapit or th' were roundly 'twas Ned,
 Luminy's jacket as yellow as gold,
 With patches and hearts at each crease,
 'Twas a green one that Neddy had on,
 Tho' a little waze cover'd with grecie,

Fal-lal, &c.

Then

Then certain oppinions arose,
 'Twixt Jemmy and little Bob Green,
 Which them had most wages given,
 Or which of them drove the leit team,
 At these words I was troubled and mov'd,
 Canse as how it upbraided my stay,
 So I thought of my cart and my horses,
 How I'd left the dumb beasts all the day;

Fallal, &c.

I offered Sam Crapsworth a pint,
 To go back to Knibs's again,
 He went and we clear'd from the slough,
 Then home I went jogging again,
 Then god bles our noble King George,
 May his reign be ever so long,
 And grant us the parliaments met,
 That nothing whatever goes wrong;

Fallal, &c.

SONGS, SUNG THIS SEASON AT VAUXHALL.

JE PENSE A VOUS,

LY MR. INCLEDON.

JE pense à vous, where e'er I stray,
 While sorrow marks my lonely way,
 The sports of May unmov'd I view,
 Alone I sigh and think of you.

Je pense à vous, &c.

Ah!

Ah ! why in absence do I mourn,
 Why vainly wish for your return ?
 While transient pleasures you pursue,
 Alone I sigh and think of you.

Je pense à vous, &c.

Come then to cheer our native plain,
 Return to bleis a constant swam,
 Wish Love reward a love so true.
 O think of him who thinks of you.

Je pense à vous, &c.

M Y H E A V Y H E A R T.

A favourite Scotch Song, sung by Miss BERTLES.

BLOW on ye winds descend soft rain,
 To foothe my tender grief ;
 Your solemn music lulls my pain,
 And yields a short relief.

C H O R U S.

O my heart, my heart, heavy heart !
 Swell, as 'twou'd burst in twain ;
 No tongue can e'er describe the smart,
 Nor I conceal its pain.

The sun which makes all nature gay,
 Torments my weary eyes,
 And in dark shades I pass the day.
 Where echo sleeping lies.

O my heart, &c.

The

The strongest passions of the mind,
 The greatest bliss we know,
 Arises from successful love,
 If not the greatest woe.

O my heart, &c.

A FAVOURITE HUNTING SONG,

SUNG BY MISS LEARY.

HARK ! Hark ! from the woodlands, the loud
 swelling horn,
 Invites to the sports of the chace—
 How ruddy, how bright, and how cheerful the morn ;
 How healthy and blooming each face,

C H O R U S.

*To the grove with Diana I'll hasten away,
 Nor lose the delights of the morn.
 The hounds are all out, bark, bark, forward away,
 While echo replies to the horn.*

Gay health still attends thro' the sports of the field,
 O'er mountain and valley we go ;
 The Joys of the chace health and pleasure can yield,
 No wishes beyond it we know.

To the grove, &c.

Our innocent pastime each virgin may share.

And the censure of envy defy,
 While Cupid, soon follow'd by grief and despair,
 The blessing of youth would destroy.

To the grove, &c.

THE

THE FRIEND AND THE LOVER.

Written from Lady W. M. Mo. 1803.

A FAVOURITE SONG, SET TO MUSIC BY MR. HANNAH.

I'll sing by the will of my soul I find it best,
They say I'm too nice, but this is all I say,
I know not to tell no more than I am young,
That you're but few years, and yet fewer are young.
But I have to be cheated and never will buy
Wholesale of sorrow for moments of joy;
I never will wed till I can find,
Where the friend and the lover are equally join'd.

No man shall be loved, or foolishly gay,
Or laughing because he has nothing to say,
To every fair one obliging and free,
But none will be fond of any but me,
To whom tender before my soul my confide,
With a kind heart to tell me whose counsels can guide,
Say, if you will I would marry, if such I cou'd find,
Where the friend and the lover are equally join'd.

Now for a dear lover as here I deserve,
No danger shall fright me, nor millions shall bribe;
But 'till this astonishing creature I know,
I am single, and happy, and full will be so;
You may laugh and suppose I am nicer than wife,
But I'll turn the vain top, the dull coxcomb despise;
Nor e'er will I marry till the youth I can find,
Where the friend and the lover are equally join'd.

A FAVOURITE AIR, SUNG BY MISS LEARY.

B Y moon-light on the green,
 Where lads and lasses stray,
 How sweet the blossom'd bean !
 How sweet the new-made hay !
 But not to me so sweet,
 The blossoms on the thorn,
 As when my lad I meet,
 More fresh than May-day morn.

C H O R U S.

Give me the lad sae blith and gay,
Give me the tartan plaiddy ;
For spite of all the wise can say,
I'll wed my Highland Laddie,
My bonny Highland Laddie.

His skin as white as snow,
 His een are bonny blue,
 Like rose-bud sweet his mow,
 When wet with morning dew ;
 Young Will is rich and great,
 And fain wou'd ca' me his,
 But what his pride or state,
 Without love's imiling bliss.

Give me the lad, &c.

When first he talk'd of love,
 He look'd fae blithe and gay,
 His flame I did approve,
 And cou'd naiv him nay ;
 Then to the kirk I'll haste,
 There prove my love and truth ;
 Reward a love fae chaste,
 And wed the constant youth.

Give me the Lad, &c.

NEW

NEW TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.

MA Y the remembrance of past indiscretion be the monitor of our future conduct.

The first tribute due to friendship.—Gratitude.

May the liberal hand have free access to the purse of plenty.

Beauty without affectation, and merit without conceit.

May we draw upon content for the deficiencies of Fortune.

May fashion never become a privilege for the exercise of Folly.

To the honest fellow, that loves his bottle at night, and his business in the morning.

Love to one, friendship to a few, and good-will to all.

The severity of contempt to those who dare, and the ties of honour.

May a virtuous offspring succeed to a mutual and honourable love.

Virtue for a guide, and Fortune for an attendant.

May we never be influenced by jealousy, nor governed by interest.

Riches to the generous, and power to the merciful.

May the enemies of liberty become a prey to the scourge
of oppression.

- May temptation never conquer virtue.
- May the precepts of reason prevent the effects of passion.
- May the impulse of generosity never be check'd by the power of necessity.
- Merit to gain a heart and sense to keep it.
- May we learn to be frugal before we are obliged to be so.
- May the desires of our hearts be virtuous, and those desires gratified.
- May we never desire what we cannot obtain.
- May we treat our friends with kindness, and our enemies with generosity.
- May virtue be our armour when wickedness is our assailant.

The Eagerness with which the Friends of the Publisher
have stepped forward to patronise his Endeavours,
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F - I - N - L - S

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to the

M. L. Gandy

borden